"THE CRIMSON QUINTETTE," BY CONSTANCE B. ... JIN...

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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GOLD AND GLACIER;

Or, LOVE IN ALASKA - By Frederick F. Ober.

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CHAPTER I.

THE WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

She had ridden since early in the afternoon and her horse was fagged. Moreover, both she and the horse were lost. She didn't like to admit it, even to herself; but the fact stared her in the face.

Starting out from the city of Seattle at an easy canter, passing all the outlying villages, one after another, Adele Hutchinson had allowed the beauty of the forests to lure her far into their depths. The smooth road became a mere track, then a trail, then faded away to a winding path, which the gathering darkness threatened to obliterate entirely. It was as the path became so obscure as to become scarcely visible, and the groups of pines appeared to her as black masses of shadow, that the conviction was forced upon her that she had lost her way.

She might have turned back, to be sure; but she had forgotten the windings and turnings of the trail. And again, to turn back was to do something foreign to Adele Hutchinson's nature. Her motto was ever Onward. Find, if possible, another road back to the stirring point; but never retrace; and never retreat, no matter what obstacles loomed ahead. This obstinacy, this determination—call it what you will—was the key-note to her character.

But even a woman of independence may be brought to a halt, may doubt the wisdom of her doings. So she paused, as the woods around became merged in shadow, and consulted with herself. It was but for a moment, however, ... then fell upon her ear the sound of a woodman's axe. Someone, and not far away, was at work right ahead of her. So she urged her horse onward, and soon, riding rapidly yet easily over the mossy path, she came in sight of the woodman.

Standing on a platform built around a giant fir, ten feet above the ground, was a stalwart young man, hewing at the very vitals of the forest monarch. It had been an Herculean task, cutting into this tree at least twenty feet in circumference and all of two hundred feet in height. It must have taken days to go it, but now the work was near its ending, and as if conscious of this, and eager to finish it before dense darkness fell, the young man was wielding his axe with feverish energy.

The horsewoman drew rein and gazed admiringly at the erect, sinewy figure, the bare arms with their bulging muscles, the fine head thrown back, the bright blade flashing around it. She became as absorbed in the scene as the man in his work, and it was only when the wood-giant began to creak and groan, and to totter to its fall, that she realized her position. Her horse neighed and this unusual sound attracted the attention of the axman.

He glanced around, saw her there in the gloom, then, though his ax was poised in air for a final blow, he dropped it suddenly, sprang to the ground and advanced towards her, at the same time motioning her to urge her horse ahead.

"This way!" he shouted. "Ahead! The tree will fall upon you! You are right in its path!"

But horse and rider seemed paralyzed with fear. They stood immovable as though carved from stone. And above them, impending death! The great tree swayed and groaned, through its vast bulk a convulsive tremor ran, then it surged directly towards them. Its upper branches became mingled with those of its nearest neighbor its companion for hundreds of years in this lonely forest, then slowly, reluctantly, it came crashing through the adjoining trees. Gaining momentum with its descent, it finally fell to earth with the force of an avalanche and the impact of its fall was like an earthquake's shock.

All occurred in a moment's time. Meanwhile, the young man had not been idle. Seeing that his visitors could not voluntarily escape the menacing peril, he had sprung for the horse's bridle; but he could not start him. The terrified beast was as immovable as a mountain.

The man tugged in vain. Perhaps he swore, for, glancing up, he saw the swift-descending fir-tree, hiding the sky and threatening to crush them to the earth.

He saw above him the pale, beautiful face of the woman, and the resolve flashed through his brain to rescue her, or be killed in the attempt.

She had recovered her self-possession and was bashing the horse's flanks with her whip; but her blows fell unheeded. Then, letting go his hold on the reins, the young man sprang for the rider, lifted and dragged her from the saddle, and darted forward at the top of his speed.

There was a thundrous crash, the earth shook, the forest resounded with a roar like that of the hurricane, but above the elemental din shrilled the death-shriek of the horse.

A great branch felled the young man to earth, but in falling he threw his burden ahead of him, into the yielding moss, where she lay unharmed, and after the noise had subsided rose to her feet.

Many emotions were surging through her brain, but uppermost was a feeling of strong indignation against this man, her rescuer, that he should have dared to lay hands on her. She had held herself as one apart, from earliest womanhood, no man had ever even so much as touched her with his finger-tips. And now, this rude forest dweller had actually held her in his arms; had, perforce, pressed her to his breast, in his wild hurst for safety!

Cold and chaste, like Diana, she wished at first she could punish him as the great huntress did Acteon. But where was he?

She looked around, as she gathered up a loosened wealth of bronze-red hair and swiftly coiled it about her shapely head—and saw him.

He lay stretched prone as he had fallen, and still, so still!

Cold as she was by nature, and now calm, Adele was startled at the sight, yet she paused a second to thrust some hair-pins through her tresses, ere she went to him and knelt by his side. She turned him over, and his face gleamed white in the darkness.

It was a strong, finely-moulded face, with broad brow, firm chin—in fact, a manly face, and she was provoked to find herself regarding it with some interest. There was a resolute expression in it, which she could like, but a look of settled melancholy which she could not fathom. He appeared about thirty years of age, but his dark hair and moustache were already tinged with gray; and this fact set her to wondering what his trouble could have been, when she should have been bestirring herself to bring him to consciousness.

While she was wondering, however, what she should do, the closed eyes suddenly opened, the broad breast was stirred by a deep sigh, and she realized that her rescuer had awakened. He looked up at first wonderingly, then into the face bent over his, and then came a swift look of recognition. This confused her, and she was glad of the darkness that partially veiled her features.

He made several futile efforts, at last sat erect, and finally regained his feet. She also rose, and for a moment they stood regarding each other. The transitory feeling of pity for him as he lay helpless now gave way to indignation again. "To think," she said to herself, "that another moment and I might have taken his head in my lap! Dear me, but this is embarrassing!"

Then she said, aloud: "I hope you are not very much hurt." "Not that I care," she thought; "but I cannot do less than inquire."

The young man shook himself, passed a hand over his eyes, in a somewhat dazed manner, and answered slowly, as if yet but half recovered:

"No, thank you, I think not. But you—are you injured?"

"Not at all, thanks to your—your well-meant efforts in my behalf." She was a truthful woman, and just at that moment she could not bring herself to express even a qualified approval of his action.

The moon was now well up the sky, and she could see an amused smile flit across

face." "Oh, don't think
Said. "I can well understand
it present such rude action as
If you will allow me, it was
ing to do under the circum-
stances."

"True," she mused, "it may have seemed so to you. And, really, I—But what, think you, became of my horse?"

"I hope he escaped; but if he staid where he was when I so unceremoniously made you my companion, I fear—"

"Oh, do not say that he was killed! My poor Kit! He was so good, so obedient. He never before refused to obey me."

"I will look for him, if you will excuse me a moment. In the mean time, there is nothing here to harm you."

"Yes," she answered, curling her lip scornfully, but he was gone. Some time elapsed before he returned to her, and one glance into his face told all. "Crushed in his tracks," he said. "He must have been killed instantly, if that can be a consolation."

She said nothing, but her face went white, and she clenched her hands. Then, gulping down a sob, she turned to him and said: "But—"

He understood, as though she had said: "Well, you have been the cause of this predicament, how will you get me out of it?"

"I have a horse," he said, speaking in low tones, and humbly, "and have no doubt he will recognize favorably the one you have lost. He is a thoroughbred, Kentucky raised, a perfect gem. Since I was instrumental in bringing about this calamity, you shall have him in exchange for yours. He is fleet-footed, and you can ride go home tonight."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the lady, and with some asperity. "Of course you are not responsible for the death of poor Kit. How were you to know that I was in the path of the flying tree. I came here to enquire my way back to civilization. You will kindly loan me a horse, and start me on my road. I would like to depart."

The young man shook his head. "Impossible. I myself might make the trip, and if you wish I will do so, but you are in charge of your safety; but it would have to be on foot, and you cannot. It is the way is too long, too rough and—it is altogether out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question? Not merely because you say so?"

"No, indeed. Since I must tell you, then, it is because of some neighbors of mine, two miles up the trail, who would not let you pass."

"Not let me pass? Do you mean that they would kill me?"

"I do not like to say so, but I believe they would."

"Ah. But what then can I do?"

"My home is near, if it is your service."

"Have you a wife, mother, sisters?"

"I live alone."

She first drew her breath hard. Then she closely scanned his features now clearly illuminated in the moonlight, and finally said:

"I will accept your hospitality, you may lead the way."

Gathering up her skirts, and clutching her ivory-handled whip in one hand, she followed close at his heels and walked through the trees. Neither spoke, and when at last he halted in front of a small log cabin, threw open the door, then stood aside and bowed, she entered, without a word.

He struck a match as she went in after her, and, lighting a candle stuck in a bot-

able in the center of the room. The table was covered with a snowy cloth, and set with a dainty service in which gleamed silver and cut glass.

The guest sank into a chair, and while her host busied himself at preparing a repast, she looked on wonderingly.

"It is not much," he finally said, apologetically, "but you are welcome."

He threw her a dainty napkin, the table, and was about to retire, when she said: "But the table is set for two, will you not favor me with your presence?"

"Gladly," he replied," if you will tolerate me."

"But why was the table set for two?" she asked presently, when they were at the bites. "Did you expect me?"

"Yes," he replied, simply and quietly," I expected you."

CHAPTER II.

A MAN ON MURDER BENT.

"He expected me!" said Adele under her breath. "What audacity!" But she handed him his tea without a tremor, and glanced brightly at him during the ceremonial. Though their meeting were an every-day occurrence, she could not be more at home in her part, and the perfectly-ordered table fitted together charmingly, however incongruous the exterior environments of the rough log cabin and forest savagery.

"Another proof that he is a gentleman," she said to herself, as, after her invitation to join her, he had excused himself a moment, and reappeared in the conventional dinner garb, clean, collared and scarfed.

"I could not have done better if he had sat down in shirt-sleeves," she retected. "Even though he has cast out conventions as an athlete, backing away at that old tree. But why did he expect me?"

Her eyes must have expressed the question, which her red lips did not dare or deem to utter, for he answered her unspoken thought.

"Perhaps the hope, the wish, was father to the thought. One who has led a solitary, aimless one in the rough manner of living, yet I am not altogether reconciled. I like to remind myself that I have a home, a life, something better. I will confess to you, that this is but a mimic one, with many unconscious."

He looked at her frankly and openly, yet there was a preoccupation in his deep dark eyes, which impelled her to the thought: "Why is an evening like this not a pleasure? What is the mystery, I wonder?"

Still, she was not disappointed.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "then you did not expect me?"

"Yes, and no. Of course I never knew you before as an individual, as a distinct entity. But, all the same, you were the fulfillment of that which my life lacks, which my soul craves; and, although I know I cannot long detain you, yet I shall be the happier for this brief visit."

"That is a pretty speech," she rejoined lightly." How often have you practised it? You have not always lived alone."

"No indeed, only for the past six months. As to what I have said: I cannot recall what I have had occasion for similar remark; it was spontaneous. My guests have been, hitherto, the rude woodsmen, and my self too deeply absorbed in labor to observe all the social amenities."

He spoke frankly and all alike; set forth the best you have."

"No, not all. For instance, some like whisky, and some prefer wine. And this reminds me that I added, hastily, some that I have not set forth my best for you. But you shall have it. Allow me to leave you for a while."

She was about to protest, but he hastily rose and, lighting another candle, passed at a ringbolt in the floor, raising thereby a small trap-door, and disappeared in the black cellar underneath.

Soon he reappeared, bearing in one hand a dusty bottle, which, when he had once again closed, he proceeded with mock solemnity to open. "Now, my guest, you have my best, the very best, not only of my own cellar, but in the county of Snohomish. Yes," he proceeded, without heeding her protestations, "you must permit me. This is Spanish sport, one of the bottles saved from the wreckage of my father's estate. If not good, then it is the fault of time, for it is old enough; and, my father was a connoisseur. If he had not been," he added reflectively, "his estate would be in fact, and—I should not have had the pleasure of meeting you."

He procured two glasses from a sideboard and, after critically examining them by the candle-light, filled them with the rich purple wine. Handing her a glass, which she reluctantly received, he touched the other to his lips. Still standing, he looked down upon her smilingly. "I pledge," he said, "the fair unknown!"

Now, Adele Hutchinson was no mere fledgeling. She had been a society queen both in the best of Boston and New York circles. The last named had been hers for four years had been passed amidst the very elect of Commonwealth and Fifth Avenues. No "four hundred" at the Metropolitan or Union League, the Algonquin, was considered complete without her gracious presence there. And the list of her admirers held the names of many men in many cities.

Nor was she a prude—as may have been imagined. It was whispered amongst the flames of fashion that she had been seen discussing, with a male companion, after theater, chops and musty ale at Billy Pardee's. But, that was nothing. It was, if she were hungry, for nothing ever went by that name but it graraged the lips of the English mutton-chops—except it were his Majesty's beef.

However, this may be, wherever else she may have been, this fact is cited merely to show that she was not one to forego refuse a glass of port on account of its age. But, when this backwoodsman pledged her so pointedly, with such a manifest appreciation of her charms, real or imaginary, her hand trembled as it grasped the glass. Still, his eyes were upon her, and compelled her.

"You use the term generically, of course, and impersonally," she said, recovering her composure. "And I—I drink to your future —may it be all you wish, and better than you deserve."

She raised her eyes to his with friendly intent, but dropped them quickly before the intense, concentrated gaze of his own.

"You say truly," he replied in tense tones, and clutching the back of his chair, "that I now wish is better than I deserve; yet I—"

Then he recollected his duties as host to guest; how nearly he had transgressed, and grew calm again. He quaffed his glass in silence, and sat down. But there was a curious gleam in the eye of the guest. He may have been the wine, for it was potent, containing as it did the concentrated sunshine of many years of repose, in a land of levity and passion. It may have been his wine—let us hope it was the wine—which impelled her to urge this strong man to commit himself as she said:

"This wish of yours. Have you indeed formulated a desire?"

But he was now loyal to himself, and not to be betrayed into an indiscretion. So answered, slowly, yet with apparent levity:

"Yes indeed. Do you know, I, like the other dwellers in the forests, desire to buy low and sell high—in time. My great ambition is, to open a clearing all the way between my house and the Sound. Is not that a laudable ambition?"

She had dropped the gauntlet and he had not picked it up, but she doubted his courage, she yet respected his wisdom. She answered, slowly, yet with apparent levity:

"Yes,

as well as his depended on strict watch upon the villain before him.

She had covered half the distance, when Jake suddenly broke into boisterous laughter. "Ha ha," he shouted. "I thought you'd come, Jim. Kill the gal, Jim. Shoot her, then yer ken 'tend ter this 'ere cuss."

Then Kern Hestwood deceived by this subterfuge, threw a glance, a fearsome look, toward her, and for a second, only the black revolver muzzle looked elsewhere than into Jernigan's eyes. But in that second he had availed himself of the opportunity which his nimble intelligence, fiendishly stimulated by his danger, had provided. He darted out from the tree, like the tiger-cat he had simulated, like a rattlesnake from its coil, and threw himself against Kern Hestwood's breast. His long arms wreathed themselves around his victim's shoulders, one hairy hand sought his throat, and, the two fell to the ground in a death struggle. His right hand clenched about Hestwood's throat, with his left Jernigan felt for the revolver, and at length he clutched it.

Overborne by the suddenness of the assult, even though he had thought himself prepared for such a move, Hestwood was at first somewhat benumbed. Then the conviction came upon him that this was the supreme struggle, the end of it all for one of them, and shame, outrage worse than death, for Adele, if he should be overcome.

But he would not! His brain was clear, his eyes were open, though his voice was choked and his breath coming and going in gasps. He wrenched the revolver away and threw it from him, at the same time realizing that he had parted from his only friend. Yet he could not but hope that Adele would in some way help him. He could not tell her so, but, as she hovered near, now in range of his vision, now hidden by the form of his foe, his eyes sought hers. At last she caught the glance he telegraphed to her: "There, the revolver, over to the right!" She had not seen it fall, so sudden had been the movement, so involved the writhing forms; but she saw and understood his beseeching glance.

Another second, and she had it. His right hand was still extended, and into it she pressed the weapon. He turned the muzzle against the great bulk which was pressing his life away and was about to pull the trigger, when Jake again seized it, and the bullet sped off into empty air.

The great, horny palm clamped Kern's hand and the revolver together and slowly, surely, turned the latter towards his breast. The under man was almost lifeless, now, and could make no headway against the terrible strength and energy of his antagonist. The weapon was now between them, close pressed. If its muzzle could but be deflected up or down, one single shot would decide the victory, either for the slowly-strangling Hestwood or his now exultant enemy.

This was more apparent to Adele than to her friend, for he was now verging upon unconsciousness. She threw herself upon the men and grasped the revolver by its shining barrel. The real struggle was now between her and the giant backwoodsman, who tried to release his arms from Hestwood's grip about them; but in vain. Then, cursing the girl, foaming with rage, he crushed her slender fingers against the steel, and with his thumb sought the trigger-guard. He found the hammer, drew it back, with a great effort pointed the muzzle down, and pulled the trigger.

So rapidly had events followed each other, that all seemed like simultaneous actions. Yet the fraction of a second had intervened between the depression of the barrel and the speeding of the deadly missile, and Adele had availed of it to change its direction.

Instead of piercing Kern Hestwood's breast, the bullet found its way to Jake Jernigan's heart! A tremor ran through the giant frame, the huge hands relaxed their grip, and the blood trickled slowly forth. But the now unconscious Hestwood did not release his hold upon Jernigan's arms, and he held him close embraced, while the crimson stream stained his shirt. Adele, at first standing by pale and nerveless, after having released herself from the dead man's grasp, stooped over and tried to draw him off. This, by exerting all her strength, she succeeded in doing, and then sank swooning into the damp grass.

There were then three white faces upturned to the morning sky, in that little clearing within the forest. The wood-thrush's song had hardly died away, ere this tragedy had taken place.

One dead, two for the moment oblivious, and the quiet of death over all!

The stillness was broken by a low, gurgling gasp, and the strangled man, that terrible hand at his throat removed, soon opened his eyes, vacant at first, but quickly cognizant of what had happened. As he rose to his feet he saw his enemy overthrown; then his rescuer, whether alive or dead, he knew not. He sprang to her and placed his ear to her heart. She lived—of that he became assured, and taking her in his arms he bore her away from the scene of death. His impulse was towards the cabin, but as he turned that way sheets of flame burst from its shattered window. It had been set on fire by the burning wads from Jernigan's gun, and during the struggle no one had noticed the flames.

Hestwood, still holding Adele in his arms, paused a moment in sad contemplation of the scene, then hastened to a sheltered dell behind some firs, where neither spectacle, of fire or death, could be seen. Here, on a soft moss-bank, he lay his burden down, and ran for water, returning with which the joy was soon his of seeing her come back to consciousness.

"Oh, where am I? What has happened?" she gasped, apparently unaware of the terrible events of the past half hour.

"Safe, with friends," he replied. "You fell and fainted, that was all."

"Fell, and—Oh, now I remember. He was killed! I killed him! Yes, his blood is on you; but I—I am the cause of that!" She pointed to the blood-stains on his breast, and hid her eyes with her hands.

He looked, touched the saturated shirt with horrified gesture, and, with one glance at her, fled away. Into the burning house, through the flames, he dashed, snatched a suit of clothing from the hooks on which it hung, and darted out again, towards the spring which supplied him with water. With feverish haste he tore off the blood-soaked garment, as though it might have been the shirt of Nemesis, and flung it from him. "Even after death," he muttered, "he pursues me, his blood clings to me!"

It was long before he had completed his ablution, and, carefully attired in clean clothing, once more stood before Adele. She was as he had left her, with head deep-buried in her hands, and did not look up when he spoke to her. Then he, even in his distress bethinking him of his horse, stabled near the cabin, ran to rescue him. After leading the animal to a place of safety, and with a half-glance noting the entire destruction of his cabin, he nerved himself to seek out and remove the man who had been killed.

But from his apathy he was awakened by a shock that sent the blood tingling through his veins, that caused his eyes to dilate with terror.

The body was gone.

This powerful story of life and love in the far northwest will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. To each subscriber we are still giving our cameras and patterns free as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

"But do you really need to have some one take your practice during an absence of only three days?"

"Why, my child, you don't understand. A doctor can hardly turn his back but some of his patients will be getting well!"

He Lost His Nickel

"What's the matter, bub?" queried the kind-hearted old man who saw a newsboy looking around in front of the union station the other evening as if in search of a lost article.

"I'll git licked when I git home!" sniffled the boy in reply.

"Who'll lick you?"

"Me fadder."

"What for?"

"For losin' a nickel."

"Sure you lost it around here?"

"Dead sure and me fadder won't take no excuse."

"He won't, eh? Well, we must see what we can do about it. You appear to be a very nice boy and I don't want you to be licked for an accident."

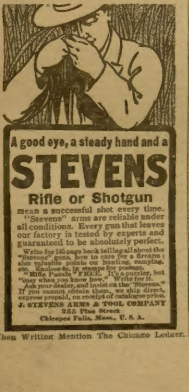
"Den you'll gimme de nickel, will you?" asked the lad, as a grin lurked at the corners of his mouth.

"I'll do better than that, bub—a heap better. Here are my spectacles. Put them on and look around again and you may find two nickels instead of one. If you do I won't ask you to divide."

Good for a Press Notice.

The Soubrette—The leading lady claims to have been married to one man for seven consecutive years.

Low Comedian—Huh! Some women will do almost anything to gain a little notoriety!



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STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Hang up the baby's stockings—
Be sure you don't forget!
The pretty, dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet;
But I told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood me,
She looked so cunning and wise."

A mellow, little voice, very like the trill of a lark, was singing this pretty ballad on the morning before Christmas. Little Lottie sat in the window seat, her threadbare pinafore full of tiny bits of many-colored stuffs, from which, with dexterous fingers, she was trying to fashion a rag doll.

Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and the doll was to be a present for Lottie's baby sister, and while she fashioned it, shaping the round head, and sewing in two glass beads for eyes, the happy little creature sang the pretty ballad.

"Hush that noise, will you!" thundered a savage voice. "I'll bet I'll silence you, you screeching brat!"

Lottie bounded from her seat like a ball, scattering all her pretty scraps, so great was her terror at sound of this savage voice, but not in time to escape the shoe which her drunken father hurled across the room. It struck her just above the right eye, laying open an ugly gash; and, with a piteous cry, and all weltering in blood, the child went fluttering out of the bare, cheerless room like a lapwing.

The man at the cobbler's bench broke into a brutal laugh, and went on with his hammering. He was quite drunk, and a bottle of gin occupied the right-hand corner of his bench, while he worked away at the shoes which were to bring him the means to indulge in a big Christmas carouse.

Little Lotti's father was not a bad man to look at, or a very ignorant one, but a man made brutal and ferocious by the fatal influence of strong drink.

The child fled from the room in terror, and crept up to the loft, and into her small bed.

"Oh! oh! I'm so sorry!" she moaned, wiping the trickling drops from her wounded temple. "I can't finish the doll now, and tomorrow's Christmas, and poor, dear baby will have nothing. Oh, me! if the blessed Lord would only put it into father's heart to leave off that dreadful drink!"

Thus moaning and murmuring she fell asleep; and thus her mother found her when she came home. Miserable mother, and most wretched wife, obliged to go out in the teeth of the bitter, wintry cold, and work for bread to keep her children from starving. Yet on her wedding day no happier woman lived. Her young bridegroom was strong and handsome, and very fond of her, and her fortune looked all bright. But he fell a victim to the power of intoxicants, and this was the end.

"I cannot bear it—oh, Heaven, I cannot!" moaned the heartbroken woman, on her knees beside the couch where her wounded child lay. "My burden is too heavy!"

Christmas had come and gone—a dreary Christmas in the drunkard's home. It was the last night of the old year, and little Lottie lay dying—her head bound with linen cloths, her wan face flushed with fever. She had lain for hours in a torpor, her poor mother sobbing over her pillow; but as the first chime of bells was heard ringing the old year out and the new year in, she started up.

"Hark to the bells, mother," she cried, her blue eyes all alight with an unearthly radiance. "The old year is going, and I am going with it——"

"Oh, Lottie, my child!" the mother sobbed.

The child bent forward and touched her hot lips to her mother's cheek.

"Hush, mother—God is at work for you. Where is father? Go and fetch him here. Tell him that Lottie must see him before she goes."

The mother obeyed. The miserable father came creeping up the steps and into the room where his dying child lay—pale and haggard, and tremulous from late debauchery, and shamed by an awful sense of guilt.

"Lottie, my poor girl," he burst out, falling on his knees by the low bed, "I didn't mean to hurt you so!"

The child bent down and took the poor, guilty head in her two slender arms.

"Poor father, I know, and God knows, and He will forgive you as I do," she murmured.

The wretched man uttered a hoarse cry of remorse and pain.

"No, no, there's no forgiveness—it is too late!" he cried; "I'm a murderer! Lottie, you must get well, for my sake!"

"No papa"—the soft arms still clasping him—"I can't get well your sake. Hark! there go the bells again. When the year goes out I shall go with it. I can't live for your sake, papa, but you must be a better man for mine. Papa, love won't you? Look at poor mother, there—she cries so—and see the dear baby! When all the children in the city had Christmas, baby had none! Oh, papa, give up the nasty drink—will you, for my sake? There go the bells for the last time. Promise me, oh, promise me quick, papa, before the year is gone!"

"My child, yes, yes, I promise—before Heaven I do!"

The little dying face lit with rapture.

"Thank Heaven!" the pale lips whispered. "And you'll keep your promise, papa, for Lottie will be your good angel and help you! There, don't cry now, mamma. I am going to begin my New Year in heaven, and you and papa will begin your happy New Year together here! Good-by, papa, good-by, mamma! Let me have the baby now."

The weeping mother placed the baby on the bed beside her.

"There, I finished it, after all" cried Lottie, producing a pair of chubby red socks from beneath the cover, the rag doll, with its staring glass eyes, protruding from one of them. "I finished the doll, after all, and here it is for New Year, and that's better than Christmas! Take it, baby dear, and good-by! There go the bells again—the New Year is begun."

Baby clutched the doll with two fat, eager hands, and Lottie fell back upon her pillows. A gasp, a fluttering breath, and she began her New Year in heaven.

Five years later her father was one of the most influential citizens in his native village, and above Lottie's grave towered a marble shaft, bearing this inscription:

"My little Lottie. Through her death I live!"

It takes a shrewd business man to conduct a paying peanut stand next door to a police station.

UNDER THE BAN OF TLALOC;

How a Couple of Silver Fetiches Plunged Two Miners Into a Series of Amazing Misadventures.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

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CHAPTER VI.

JIM HENRY'S BOOTS.

Miss Tofana and I reached the track and covered the distance separating us from the green switch-light without exchanging so much as a syllable. We were thinking a good deal, I take it; I don't know what her thoughts were occupied with but my own were mightily concerned about that idol. Although I set a swift pace she kept close to my side.

At the switch the silence was broken, and by her.

"I leave you here, Mr. Gaynor," she said, halting. "You are a brave man and I do not believe you know what you are doing in—in the matter of that idol."

"I wish I knew what your father was doing," I answered. "Maybe I can't stop to talk, Miss Tofana, but time is a trifle scarce with me, just now."

"I am grateful to you," she murmured: "I wish you to know that." And she turned abruptly and went off.

I hastened on to the hotel. The office was empty of guests and the night clerk dozing behind the counter. I crept up stairs to my room, unlocked the door and stepped in.

The lamp was burning—I remembered I had not extinguished it—and on leaving for that harum-scarum trip with Tofana. And in what disorder did I find that room!

Bureau drawers were pulled out, bedclothes flung everywhere and mattress hung over the footboard. Some one had put in half a dozen places—even the washbowl and pitcher showed evidence of having been tampered with.

But neither Tofana nor Murdock was there.

The door of the closet swung open and I jumped for it. Merciful powers, the boots were gone!

I am not by nature a profane man, although I have said things on occasion. This was occasion enough and no doubt I eased my overcharged feelings.

Oh, Tofana, Tofana! If I could only have had his thin neck in my fingers!

Like a madman I hurried out of the room and down stairs into the office. Leaning across the counter I shook the sleepy clerk until his teeth chattered.

The sight of me acted like a live wire on the clerk. He shot out of his chair with a yell.

"Who's killed?" he maundered. "What's happened?"

"Killed!" I flung back at him. "Nobody yet, but some one will be if I don't get satisfaction."

"Man dear," he cried, "You're covered with blood."

So I was—I had forgotten that—but it was mostly the wild-cat's, and little of my own. I felt like fighting; I wanted to fight; I hungered for the sight of blood. I could see I'd have fought him. But he was amiable and discouraged loafing.

"Be calm, please," said he, "and tell me what's gone crossways. Do you want a doctor?"

"Doctor!" I exclaimed, glaring into his face. "No! What I want is my boots."

"Boots!" He must have doubted my sanity from the way he stared.

"Yes, BOOTS!" I thundered. If I remembered rightly I spelled out the word for him. Perhaps I spelled it, no mistake. I also explained that they had red tops and looked like Hessians; they were new, too.

I was rewarded. Understanding flashed across his face and he sighed gently.

"You're late, Mr. Gaynor," he said. "It ain't you?" he asked.

"What has the number of the room got to do with it?"

"That's where Jim left his boots—in room ten."

"Jim who?"

"Jim Henry, Re—"

"I don't care a pleayune about Jim Henry," I snapped. "I want those boots and I want them quick."

"Won't you let me explain?" he pleaded, sliding away down the counter.

"Go ahead," I answered, awed by his humility and abashed by my own. "Go ahead, but be quick with it."

"Jim Henry had a game last night—we call him Jim Hen for short, you know, because—"

"Cut that out," I broke in. "It's Jim Hen's footgear and not his history that interests me."

"You'll have to hear a little of his history in order to understand the rest. Jim Hen learned that Pollock, who runs the general store here, had got in a consignment of high-heeled boots with red tops. Jim has had his heart set on that kind of boots ever since he came West, and so, as he runs in from the ranch, buys the last pair Pollock has left—they were like hot-cakes; everybody wanted a pair. Stopped the boots—and came over here to put them on. Well"—and here the clerk grinned—"an awful thing happened. Jim couldn't get into them—he got 'em on, but he got the boots were eights—and he took on dreadful.

"He wanted to kill Pollock for criminal lack of foresight in ordering a small size for a large-footed community. Pollock crawled out of the way, but Jim came after him and rung in the eights on him through error and took the order another pair for him, but Jim allowed that while he could wait he wouldn't. In order to drown his disappointment he went on a spree. Friends carried him in here at ten o'clock last night and we put him on bed and hung the red-topped boots in the closet.

"Pretty soon after you went away from here with the gent in the old-fashioned silk hat, Ding Lee, the Chinaman that runs the laundry down the street, came in with an order from Jim for the boots. So I went up and got them for him. The Chinaman got two for five dollars' worth of wash-bills that Jim has owed him ever since last summer, so—"

I began to see a ray of sun through a rift in my cloud of trouble. Here was an affectionate hands on the clerk's shoulder, I drew him close to my face and said in his ear:

"Friend," said I, "did you notice anything wrong with room ten when you went up there after Jim Henry's boots?"

"Wrong!" he repeated blankly. "Why, what—"

"Bureau drawers out, bed torn to pieces, carpet ripped up?" I interjected.

"There wasn't anything wrong," he averred. "I know you weren't there because I had seen you go out. So I got in with duplicate key: we have duplicate keys to all the rooms. Everything was in good shape when I got there."

I was overwhelmed with a sense of relief. I felt as though I'd like to take that clerk in my arms and hug him close; but perhaps the Chinaman was the one I ought to embrace. He had come with Jim Henry's order soon after I left the hotel with Tofana. When Tofana came back, effected secret entrance into room ten and made his vigorous search, Sing Loo had been gone some time with the boots.

But I had a disquieting thought.

"Young man," said I to the clerk, "has any one else been here inquiring about Jim Henry's boots—a gentleman in the old-fashioned hat—has he been back since we went out together?"

"No."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Then kindly direct me to Sing Loo's place of business."

The laundry was in the next block and I rushed for it and kicked and hammered on the door until the genial Celestial opened for me and thrust out his startled yellow face.

"Have you got Jim Henry's boots, Charlie?" I inquired. "Me Jim Henry fi' dol' fol boot. Me no good to Chinaman. Mexican trade, nothing. Say, hey? Mellcon give me dol' fol Jim Henry's boots."

"I'll give you ten, Charlie, if they're a fair fit," I suggested. "I'll make it a hundred if the image was still in the place I stowed it.

Sing Loo, carrying a lighted candle, ushered me into his establishment. There were the boots, standing in a row on a shelf. I took out a cry and grabbed them.

"Thank you," I said to one but found nothing. But it the other—Well, I pulled out the tobacco box, the image, the silver joss, and slipped it into my pocket.

Sing Loo watched me askance.

"Here's your money," said I, dipping him a gold piece.

"What you findee in boot, hey?" he demanded curiously.

"If you don't know you can't tell," I answered, repeating what Uncle Jerry's remarks. By that time I had the door open. "You tell Jim Henry the Chinaman distorted—"

"I tell them to somebody else," said I, and slammed the door.

I had barely time to settle my hotel bill when the sandy-haired clerk drew up at the station. It would have made my friend Cliff's heart glad to see me go into the Pullman with my nice new coat all frayed at the breast and elbows. But I was one happy man, for all that.

I had no idea what had become of Miss Fontana's precious box, or Murdock. Barring these I did not greatly care.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRUCK.

From the moment I accepted Uncle Jerry's commission and stuffed that silver idol of his into the inner lining of my coat I made a succession of thrills and thunderclaps; an interval when nothing happened every minute—waited upon the unexpected. I was running a gauntlet of events, being buffeted from this to that with a rapidity that hardly allowed me time to pause and take breath.

I dwelt upon past experiences by fits and starts, during the small hours that succeeded my departure. My head was mean-stretched in security and ease upon the softest of pillows—a pillow of down—called by the gentleman in blue clothes and brass buttons "compartment"—was entirely mine, by virtue of the ragtime coin in hand paid. The door of the little room was locked. My red mine-boots stood guard at a pace of forty miles an hour, and the rattle of the rails lulled me into a gentle optimism.

From my encounter with Murdock on the black prairie, through the whole affair that ran through my brain in Jem Henry's boots, I reviewed that noble procession of incidents. And in my folly I even went to the serene laugh of a man who thinks himself out of the woods.

Miss Tofana—Miss Julia Tofana—had called me "Mr. Gaynor." Either just naturally, had known I was not "Samson" the very instant I entered the fictitious name. No doubt the good doctor had smiled in his sleeve at that, but I did not begrudge him his triumph so long as the main triumph was mine.

And Miss Tofana—strange how my fancy clung to that girl—had thanked me very prettily for services rendered in the case of the wild-cat. Somewhat more than that, had been curt and condescending; I wished I had talked more and in a different vein.

I thought, dozed, and roused up to think again. Every time I started into wakefulness I found my right hand rigidly clutching Tlaloc under the buckskin flap of my belt.

Never again should the idol and I be separated until New York was reached and the responsibility unloaded upon Mr. Fairfax. In making this mental declaration I either over-rated myself or under-rated the doctor, perhaps a little of both.

A hiatus of ten quiet hours followed my departure from Ash Fork. During this peaceful interval I slept, ate, ate, and smoked, and wondered how Cliff was making it. In my perspective, Chicago loomed easily and New York was scarcely more difficult; my mission was all but accomplished.

But Cliff! Had he faltered by the wayside? Had he been tormented by doctors, and wild-cats, and other things? I'd have given much for a Marconigram from Cliff, about then.

The hour was ten, as my open-faced watch informed me, when we drew slowly past the terraced pueblo of Laguna and came to a halt at the station. Fate—or Tlaloc was it?—had awaited this psychological moment to hurl me into other emergencies.

I looked from the window and no less a personage than Dave Murdock shuffled along the station platform, into my range of vision and out of it again. Amazement held me chained to the seat for a fraction of a minute, then my burning wrongs at the fellow's hands clamored for redress.

Murdock must have boarded that train at Ash Fork, unseen by me. And it Murdock, why not the doctor, and the doctor's daughter?

That was where I stood in most need of discretion and was least inclined to use it. In a twinkling I bounded off my seat, flung open the door, ran down the aisle and reached the station platform at a jump.

Murdock was forward, almost at the express car, surrounded by a crowd of Pueblo girls who were displaying the pottery odds and ends they had for sale.

The swift fall of my feet on the planks caused Murdock to turn. He saw me, and, charging pell-mell at him and breathing vengeance, threw him into a flurry of excitement.

He ran toward the platform of the nearest car, but the vestibule door was closed against him. To push back toward the rear of the train would be to cross my path and court disaster.

I saw him halt and brace himself, one hand reaching for his hip pocket. The hand reappeared empty and went into the air with a despairing gesture.

As I translated the movement, his six-shooter was not in its accustomed place—probably he'd left it in his room. After a moment's hesitation, he whirled to the left. Few seconds he required to get his bearings around the end of the station building.

"Stop!" I shouted, at the top of my voice. "You scoundrel, I'll have you now."

When I plunged around the end of the station I saw two saddled horses hitched to a railing a dozen yards away. Murdock had reached the bridle of one horse, untied the railing and was vaulting to the animal's back.

I had but one consuming desire in life, just then, and that was to overhaul Murdock. Time, and a longer train ride, must wait for no man. Although I was aware of that, I had not the leisure to give it consideration.

That fortune was with me in the chase, or second choice, was proved by the fact that there were two saddle-horses at the railing. If fate had intended seriously to overwhelm me, she would have manipulated circumstances differently.

Tempted by the animal nearest ready to my hand, I yielded blindly to the ardor of pursuit. Without pausing to untie, I threw self into the saddle and was off on the trail of Murdock at a tearing gallop.

A yell went up from the watchers behind me. It might have been fraught with great concern for me, but I heeded it not. Murdock was a block away and pounding for dear life along the straggling street of the settlement. He saw me as he looked for him, and I did.

I was only cognizant of more yelling in regions I had recently quitted. Also a sound of galloping, apart from that made by the horse I bestrode, and a voice that fell vaguely on my ears.

It dawned on me to me that I might be playing the role of a pursuer pursued. Who, precisely, that voice was not intimately connected with Dave Murdock.

When out of the town and encompassed by the silent hills that lay about it, I realized that fortune had not befriended me. Before I had left the station Murdock had taken the better horse and was increasing his lead.

He was out sight in the valleys ahead and his horse was out of hearing. About the time I made the discovery, the sound of a riata whizzed through the air, settled over the head of the cayuse I bestrode and he came to a sudden halt.

His halt was so abrupt, in fact, that he went head over heels and sent me ricochetting out of the saddle. Presently I sat up in the dusty trail, a few yards beyond, and saw Jim Henry astride on horseback what they meant by interfering with a stranger in such a summary manner.

"That's mighty good!" exclaimed one of the riders. "You tope off with Ed Nixon's hoss and you're pursued by Lafe Little's. When Pettis an' me closes in on ye, an' wants to know why, you tell 'em that's says you. How's that, Pettis?"

The second gentleman, who must have been Pettis, indulged in a raucous laugh. I got up lamely.

"The joke that annexed Lafe Little's horse," I explained, "is no partner of mine. I was trying to capture him and he was running away from me. I'm taking this horse—simply borrowed him, that's all. Your cayuse has been stolen in another pursuit of the scoundrel is of no use now so I suppose I may as well return with you gentlemen to the town."

"Fu'ther pursuit o' the scoundrel mebby won't be of any use to you, friend," struck in Pettis, but it's diff'rent with us. We're after Nixon's cahallo. Let's ride, Perry."

"You're after the horse and I'm after the rider," said I. "Perhaps you'll allow me to accompany you?"

Little's horse was on its feet, straining at the riata which attached it to Perry's saddle-horn. Perry swept his eyes over me.

"Get into the saddle," he said curtly. In ten minutes we encountered Nixon's horse-

FREE

Dr. Marshal Beaty, the Nose, Throat and Lung Specialist, of Cincinnati, recently completed a series of trial treatments of his Antiseptic Medicated Air Cure on one hundred patients; some were consumptives in the lowest emaciated stages, others of a catarrhal, asthmatic and bronchial nature. The record of each patient kept by the Doctor as the home treatment progressed, was very interesting. The most remarkable and gratifying features in connection with the treatment was the rapid healing of the cavities and tubercles of the lungs and the raw, ulcerated surface of the mucous membrane of the entire breathing organs. The is phenomenal, and simple proof that this great discovery has solved the problem of a permanent cure for the thousands of sufferers from all catarrhal, bronchial and lung troubles. In his account of it, the Doctor says—"*No germ of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis or Consumption can live under the action of this powerful antiseptic. When taken internally and breathed and inhaled into the air passages, the bronchial tubes and cells of the lungs, the germs are at once destroyed, the inflammation is stayed, and the disease is arrested and cured by removing the cause.*"

We introduce and prove beyond doubt that this great treatment will cure Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Weak Lungs, Dr. Beaty has decided to give away absolutely FREE to others of a Full Month's Treatment, Free, including chemical inhaler and all medicines complete, exactly as shown in illustration.

The Doctor will keep in close touch with all patients during the progress of the treatment, and will make no charge for his professional services, or for any of his voluminous correspondence.

Do not suffer, but write at once, addressing Dr. M. Beaty, 358 West 9th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, and tell him the nature of your head, throat or lung trouble, and how long the disease has had a hold on you. The month's free course is intended to prove the genuine merits of the cure, and costs nothing to afflicted ones who enter upon a course of treatment.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

galloping toward us, but Murdock wasn't aboard.

"Tenderfoot rider," laughed Perry, "an' couldn't stay with the bronk. Hops him quick, Petie. He can show his heels to a streak o' lightnin' an' now's your chance to snag him."

Petie "snagged him" forthwith and he and his friend would thereupon have returned to the writing Nixon and Little if I had not bagged them to ride on with me and attempt to discover what had become of Murdock. They were good fellows at heart and went with me. As we jogged along I told them something about the character of the fellow I had tried to capture—as much as was necessary to show them his stripe without trenching too far upon the work I was doing for Uncle Jerry.

We did not find Murdock, and the country was too rough to permit of our wandering from the trail. An hour later we were back in the town.

A tall fellow met us in the outskirts of the settlement; sided and abetted by a short person who seemed very determined, it looked for one moment as though I should be devoured whole without being suffered to explain and apologize.

The tall man was Nixon and the short man was Little—the latter a case where the name was a fit. Assisted by Perry and Petie I succeeded in registering my statement before I had been mortally hurt. Then Nixon began to pull my hair and beard at—and gave him his horse.

We parted with mutual expressions of our great and distinguished regard and I walked to the railroad station and looked eastward along the track. A young man, in answer to a question of mine, thrust his head through a window and told me the Limited had been gone an hour and a half, and was well on its way to Albuquerque.

I had a few little excitements in the Pullman car paid for clear through to Chicago. The conductor called my ticket.

Pulling my French brier I loafed the bowl and walked up and down the platform, ruminating. I couldn't understand the folly that had led me to leave the train and take after Murdock.

Suppose I had captured him and punished him as he deserved? Revenge is the rogues of a small mind, anyhow, and I should not have allowed my temper to decoy me away from the straight path of duty.

Halting in my walk, I leaned through the window and asked suggestions of the agent concerning my transportation. He thought it well to telegraph the conductor of the train, at Albuquerque, and ask him to leave my ticket with the agent there, to be held until called for.

This suggestion was good and I carried it out without delay. It would be late afternoon before I could catch another through train and I headed for a place the agent told me about where I could secure my dinner.

I did not take dinner at that place. As I was about to hang up my hat and go into the dining-room, I saw an accident slip back on another nail and the sight of it brought my heart into my throat.

The door of the dining-room stood partly ajar and I looked in and saw Dr. Tofana and daughter Juana thinking of food at a long table. They did not set eyes on me, and I fled back to the railroad station and engaged in further conversation with the young man in the operator's room.

Yes, he did, a slim gentleman and a young lady had left the Limited rather hurriedly at that point, and had had him wire the conductor to have their tickets left with the Albuquerque agent. In fact, although he hadn't mentioned it, it was this that had led him to suggest a similar action in my case.

I had ample food for reflection and I proceeded to a general store, ate a frugal meal of crackers and cheese, and canvassed the situation.

It must be that I was still the object of the doctor's dark designs, for of course he had left the train without me because I had done so. I am sure he wasn't worried any on Murdock's account.

How best to keep away from Tofana during the hours I must remain in the town was the question that claimed my earnest attention. Finally I hit upon an idea; I would visit the Pueblo.

Before leaving the general store I bought a new outfit to take the place of the one which the wild-cat had all but ruined. After changing my personal property from the old suit to the new, I bargained with an Indian to show me the Pueblo and accept the cast off garment in-payment for the service.

The Indian's name was Juan something-or-other—couldn't remember the whole of it—and as soon as we had reached an agreement we started. So far from fleeing from danger, as it turned out I was running directly into it. But it is always easy to look back and mark the pitfalls we might have escaped.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUEER WORDS AND THE QUERES.

Juan knew a few English words and used them fluently. I had a fair knowledge of Spanish, but not of the Indian-Spanish he was acquainted with. When he wanted to say anything he used our English and fell back on his peon-Castilian. If the peon-Castilian was beyond me, he motioned it off.

I proceeded similarly, and the amount of misinformation I gathered was astonishing.

Juan said, if I understood him correctly, that the inhabitants of the Pueblo were a branch of Queres who dwelt at Acoma. Acoma was a place worth going a good way to see, if I had the time. He volunteered to guide me there for clothes enough to make out a suit.

I let him know that I was merely whiling away the hours until the afternoon train should come and he dropped the subject of Acoma.

The Laguna Pueblo is perched upon a bare hill and consists of a compact cluster of community houses. The houses are in tiers and each story forms a gigantic step.

To get into the first story it is necessary to climb a rude ladder to a terrace, cross the "step" into the second story, climb through a trap and back down another ladder.

On the afternoon of my visit a great Shaman from Zuni was sojourning at the Pueblo. Juan thought I might be permitted to see him and went away to find out.

While Juan was gone I amused myself fighting off the dogs—the place being fairly alive with ill-bred curs that came snapping around my heels. Black-eyed, cotton-clad urchins dodged about, behind the rocks laughing at my efforts to keep clear of the canines; and now and then a comely young woman, bearing a water-jar, passed by, all merriment, and quickly popped back into obscurity again.

Juan came in due course. He had succeeded in propitiating the shaman and I was to be received.

We began climbing ladders, up and down, finally lowering ourselves into a room which gave access into another by means of an ordinary door-opening, covered with an ox-hide. Pushing aside the pelt, Juan waved me to enter.

I entered a square chamber with bare walls and hard clay floor, brilliantly lighted with many candles. Our shaman was squatting on the floor, at one side of the room, legs to the front and bare legged. A short kirtle hung to his knees and a fold of white cloth was bound around his forehead and over his long, jet-black hair.

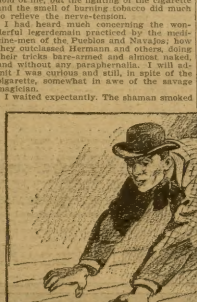
He was not the only occupant of the room. Somewhere upon, mulled to the eyes in blankets, crouched five or six others—Indians, I judged, and spectators like myself.

Juan did not follow me into the "medicine-house," but had skurried off the instant he had dropped the curtain behind me. One of the Indians motioned me to be seated, and I went down Turk-fashion on the earthen floor.

The shaman grunted and the shaman lighted a cigarette. A feeling of awe had taken hold of me, but the lighting of the cigarette and the smell of burning tobacco did much to relieve the nerve-tension.

I had heard much concerning the wonderful legerdemain practiced by the medicine-men of the Pueblos and Navajos while they outclassed Hermann and others, doing their tricks bare-armed and sleeves naked, and without any paraphernalia. I will admit I was curious and still, in spite of the cigarette, somewhat in awe of the savage magician.

I waited expectantly. The shaman smoked



calmly for several minutes until I began to think that all I was to see was the deft manner in which the shaman sent smoke rings hovering above the candle-flames.

Suddenly the shaman waved his hand and two of the Indian spectators arose and, a sort of chant, midway between a wail and a dirge. A song in monotone would perhaps more fitly describe it.

While the chant proceeded, the shaman removed the cloth from his head and unfolded it into a yard-wide square. This he spread out on the floor and soon it began to bulge upward and form a cone.

Then the cloth was lifted until its edges barely rested on the floor, the shaman flicked it aside and I beheld a little heap of neatly-cut cubes of wood. The shaman blew on the pile, it took fire and a heat was developed that brought perspiration to my forehead, and caused me to blink.

Springing up the shaman danced in the fire with his bare feet, stood in it as it licked at his naked shins and thighs, then sprang into a respectable area of live coals. After which he seated himself again, threw the cloth over the flames and, in a twinkling, whisked it away.

The fire had died out, the embers and bits of unburned wood had disappeared utterly. This was pure magic and I enjoyed the diversion.

Next came a trick the like of which I had never seen or heard of. From what was to befall me before I left that room, it may be inferred that my senses had gone awry that early in the proceedings, and that a distorted imagination had taken my faculties in hand. But I solemnly aver that such was not the case.

For this feat the shaman had to do the singing himself. The other singers became quiet, at a signal from him, and he launched into a weird song, at the same time planting a grain of corn in the hard clay.

As he continued to sing, the earth cracked and a green shoot showed itself. Under my very eyes the corn grew, put forth leaves, became a stalk, tasseled and drooped under the weight of a developed ear! The shaman clapped his hands and became suddenly silent.

Fraud! The corn-stalk vanished and I sat staring at the unbroken floor.

A man, red or white, who was capable of such a remarkable performance was certainly entitled to respect. I gave the shaman mine, then and there.

These feats filled me with wonder. I was conscious of an eerie sensation, creeping along my nerves and strangely affecting my brain.

I think now that they paved the way for my final undoing by placing me en rapport, as it were, with the supernatural. In no other manner can I account for the awful thing that came to pass.

After a brief period of rest and cigarette smoking, the shaman stretched his hands toward the candles. The flames fluttered out as under a strong breath, and the room was plunged into Stygian darkness.

A rumble of distant thunder reached my ears. Nearer and nearer it came until it echoed like a crash of artillery. A blinding flash of forked lightning zig-zagged across the room, and after that another, and another. The room, the whole Pueblo, seemed trembling under the rush of the elements.

I felt as though I was going to be blown from the face of the earth and put out my hands to clutch something for support. My ears were deafened, my senses confused. Terrified cries came from the others in the chamber. In the bluish glare I saw the shaman fondling the thunderbolts in his naked hands.

"Enough!" I bellowed.

I was scared, and I wasn't above letting

"I let out a cry and grabbed them."

the shaman know it. I wish Cliff had been there!

Now comes the terrific part, and I am able to tell very little of it. As to all that actually happened, I was obliged to get my information many hours later, and from the lips of another.

The incessant lightning was continuous, so that a steady, unearthly glare filled the chamber. One of the blanketed forms arose and stepped toward me. It knelt within a yard of where I sat, the blanket dropped away and a faint gasp arose to my lips and fell there impotently.

Dr. Tofana, bare-headed, his face ghastly and his bullet-eyes fixed upon mine with a power that overwhelmed me, stood before me! To move was impossible, my tongue was as nerveless as my limbs.

I was like a drowning man with not even the power left in my mind, but fruitlessly slipped gradually away from me to the accompaniment of weird passes by the doctor's white hands and the baleful, bushlike gleams of his eyes as only the arch-fiend could manage.

I fought the evil influence with all the waning power of my mind, but fruitlessly. At last, with a convulsive shiver, I yielded completely, and was sucked down into the vortex of oblivion.

In next week's Ledger will be found the most extraordinary story ever told. Any one subscribing to the Ledger will be supplied with back numbers containing the patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Good Luck for Turtles at Least.

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United States Steel is not lacking in brass.

The man with a pull is always in the political push.

Never tell a man that his boy looks like his mother if he owes you money.

There will be only about three or four more months of this kind of weather.

Women have a lot to say about model husbands, but they all want a different model.

A silent man often has a reputation for knowing about ten times as much as he does know.

As the alleged ancestors of some of our old families Adam and Eve have much to answer for.

If Kuropatkin has the slightest idea where he will eat his next Christmas dinner he isn't saying a word.

In the czar's opinion reform in broken doses is all that Russia can stand in its present debilitated condition.

Probably more young people would embark on the sea of matrimony if stern parents would raise the blockade.

When the Baltic fleet finally is attacked by Japanese torpedo boats it will not have occasion for any doubts on the subject.

After a long and unaccountable delay the man who licked Theodore Roosevelt when a boy at last has made his appearance on the scene.

A truly appreciative husband will wear his Christmas necktie proudly, with an air of disdain for the opinion of the outside world.

Mr. Bryan continues to use up considerable substance space pointing out that it was not his funeral which took place last November.

No doubt, to "Gas" Addicks this movement to secure publicity in campaign expenditures looks gratuitously and invidiously personal.

In the operations about Port Arthur the man behind the pickax who dug tunnels under the forts did the work for which the generals get the credit.

President Roosevelt is going to make existence as interesting as possible for the trusts. This is a good thing, for the public has proved almost too easy to provide them with amusement.

If the Czar only had a pair of glasses with which he could read the signs of the times doubtless he would hand out those proposed reforms on a platter and claim that he originated them in his own head.

So loudly has it been proclaimed that there are good and bad trusts that the average citizen would like to see the inner workings of all of them, so as to determine for himself whether there is such a thing as a good trust.

A DUAL NATURE;

OR, BOUND IN GOLDEN CHAINS.

By EDNA I. TYLER, author of "A Woman's Malice," "Hand of Destiny," "Her Miscreant Lover," "On Ruin's Verge."

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CHAPTER XXV.
AWAKENED.

As the radiant sunset glimmers on the sea,
Cometh blessed memory to light the world for me.
Merry'r that's God-given,
Memory of the past,
Merry'r of my loved ones,
Hath pierced the gloom at last!

Within the walls of the hospital ward lay the stricken Galatea, no longer a mulatto, for a judicious application of some chemical had removed the stain from her fair skin; but a vestige of the glorious silken tresses remained,—keen scissors in the hands of the attending nurse had severed each golden lock close to the head.

Flushed was the girl's face with fever, and and were the moans that now and then mingled with the heavy breathing, while the hot hands pushed aside the blanket again and again—the patient watcher gently replacing it as often.

Not a word had the doctor or nurses caught in the disjointed, incoherent mutterings, to furnish a single clue as to her personality. An interview with Aunt Joanna put them in possession of such facts as she knew, but that information was of course very meagre and threw little light on the subject.

It was near the close of the third day of her stay in the hospital. The case had developed a most baffling feature. Upon examination of the injury to her head, the surgeons discovered a section of the skull pressing upon the brain—evidently a condition of some months' standing for the bones had knit together in an irregular, uneven manner. To this, apparently, was due her loss of memory. After a prolonged consultation of the hospital staff, an operation was decided upon, whereby the indented portion of the skull was to be removed and the place trephined. On the second day following, Galatea was removed to the surgical room, the delicate operation performed, the incision closed with several stitches and bandaged. No complications set in and the healing process was as rapid as could be desired. But, as the fever died out, there remained in the blue eyes a pathetic, questioning, wistful expression that seemed inexplicable.

At times she seemed wrestling with some unseen force, the little hands clenching, then opening, with spasmodic movements.

"I cannot account for this condition," said the house surgeon thoughtfully. "There seems to be something controlling her mind. I've read of a similar case,—but it was a case where an hypnotic influence had been exerted, by way of an experiment, upon a hypersensitive child,—of course there could be no similitude of circumstances, though the symptoms are alike."

"Can't you do that, Doctor," replied the nurse, quietly. "There are plenty of villains in this world mean enough, were the power theirs, to control the mind of a sweet, pretty girl like her. At any rate—also—by way of an experiment—what's the harm of trying the counter-current of hypnotic power? She tells me she comes from—no, where she lives, and yet cannot tell me—she says he told her not to—that she must be careful that she is dead and dumb."

Despite her anxiety concerning her patient, the good woman smiled at the statement, and to the doctor, who had heard nothing of this before, it bore as to startling revelation of the possible—nay, probable situation.

"By love!" exclaimed Dr. Bates excitedly, "why didn't you tell me of that before, Mrs. Haskell?"

"I had thought of it several times, recalled the nurse thoughtfully, "but I was fearful that it was merely a vagary of a diseased mind. It was brought more forcibly to my mind this noon when I crossed the street to do an errand for Dr. Clarke, for I met there some gentlemen, one of whom I recognized as Professor Tyrrell, the hypnotic expert who lectured here with so much success winter before last. His lectures, which I attended, impressed me very strongly, and the experiments he performed were so wonderful that I have often thought of him. I knew him at once. One of the other gentlemen I have frequently seen passing my neighbor's house when I have visited her. Who he is I haven't the remotest idea."

"What does he look like?" inquired the doctor. "Perhaps I may be able to place him."

Closing her eyes that she might bring to her mind's eye an accurate picture of Mr. Stanton (for he it was to whom she referred) the nurse gave as careful a description as possible, but the doctor shook his head disappointedly.

"No one I know, I think," he said. "If he is I cannot conjure up an idea of whom it might be. But I believe that you have hit the nail on the head. There has been some such devilment practiced on the poor girl, as sure as I'm living!" and he brought his fist down upon the table with a decisive rap. "But this question is, how are we to undo this piece of villainy?—for that is surely what it is."

"Mighn't an ad. reach him?" queried the nurse.

"Yes; it might, and again it mightn't, answered Dr. Bates. "And besides, by the time an advertisement could reach anyone there would have been an opportunity for the man we seek to have gone a half-thousand miles from here."

Z—z—z—z—z—z! Buz—z—z—z!

"Confound that old telephone!" snapped the doctor, rising to his feet and crossing the room.

"Hallo! who it is?" he demanded impatiently,—his mind was so fully occupied with searching for some scheme to liberate the mind of his patient from the thraldom of hypnotic power that he could scarcely bear to have his attention distracted.

"This is police headquarters," came the reply.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to give you a description of a girl, who has been abducted in case you should come across one answering the description," replied the Chief.

"All right, fire away," said the doctor. "Wait a moment, Mrs. Haskell, will you kindly scratch down the data as I repeat what the Chief of Police says to me?" Then turning again to the phone, he called out.

"All right, Chief; fire away!"

"About five feet three inches," repeated Bates slowly, "year—golden hair; handsome blue eyes; says her name is—Galatea!—Great God! Chief, we have the very girl in our charge, and I have been devising a way to learn something of her. She's evidently under some confounded hypnotic spell, for while she says she knows her name, and whom she lives, she cannot tell us. Perhaps some one has told her not to—says she's deaf and dumb—and all sorts of queer things. Came here disguised as a negress!"

He almost danced up and down as he shifted his feet in a rapid shuffle, so pleased was he at the discovery.

"Hallo, Chief!

"Yes?" came the answer through the 'phone.

"Say! can you, through your patrolmen, find a certain hypnotist who lectured here a year or so ago—he's somewhere in the city now—Professor—professor— What in thunder's his name, Mrs. Haskell?"

"Tyrrell," prompted the nurse.

"Oh, yes, Professor Tyrrell," completed the doctor.

"Don't need the patrolmen's help," came the startling good news, "Professor Tyrrell is the very man who is looking for her."

"What!"

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Mrs. Wedderly—Our girl reached the limit today. She broke only one glass dish.
Wedderly—How do you account for it?
Mrs. Wedderly—It was the only one left.

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A half-savage gleam was reflected from the doctor's eyes as he almost shouted the single word. "And is he the villain who is responsible for her most unfortunate condition? Is he the wretch who played havoc with her wits?"

"That's where you are off, Doc," laughed the Chief, good-naturedly. The honorable and abominable Dr. Cadwell of recent police fame was the paragon of the evil deed. I'll send word to the professor at once. He is her friend, and it was from his erection that she was abducted."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the doctor, "if she has been under the control of that villain, I can scarcely wonder at anything."

After a thoughtful pause, the doctor continued, "say, chief, I believe that some such person as Tyrrell can exercise the hypnotic spell which holds her, but her recovery will be at once complete and speedy."

In a few words he gave the Chief a sketch of Galatea's arrival at the hospital, and what little information he had been able to glean concerning her.

"Call 'phone number 11-11, and I think you can locate Professor Tyrrell at the house of Cornelius Stanton," said the Chief, in reply; "and as I am greatly interested in this case, I'll see you up at the hospital at —say, within an hour from now."

Without further delay, Dr. Bates rung off and was soon connected with 11-11, and a short conversation ensued.

"Hello! is this Cornelius Stanton's?"

"Would the immediate answer, "this is Mr. Stanton talking."

"This is Dr. Bates at the hospital," were the next words. "Is it a Professor Tyrrell stopping at your house?" A moment later and Professor Tyrrell was at the 'phone, and how his heart leaped at the welcome intelligence that his Galatea was in safe hands.

"I will be there as soon as horse-flesh can bring me," he replied with gentle emotion. "Thank God, my love is alive and safe!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN PROPRIA PERSONA.

Had an earthquake shaken the house, the crio would not have been more startled than when Professor Tyrell threw aside his disguise and stood before them in his proper person—for he was one they all knew and liked.

"Monte Freeland!" burst from the three throats as with one breath.

"Monte Hall at your service, my friends," replied that individual with a half-bitter smile, as he threw off the wig and whirly into the seat from which he had arisen.

"But why, in the name of all that's wonderful," asked Mr. Stanton, "have you masqueraded in that way?"

"That's easily and briefly told, if you care to hear the story."

An earnest chorus from all, and the tale was begun.

"Ten years ago," said the professor, my father, Doctor John Freeland became deeply interested in the science of hypnotism. He was already an ardent vivisectionist, and the experiments upon the human race. A physician retired from active practice, wealthy and influential, he had nothing to do but follow out such ideas as he had informed regarding hypnotism. A young lad, having just graduated from college, I had dabbled in medicine in my father's laboratory during my spare time, and although vivisection seemed to me then cruelty, yet there were times when a desire to practice it overcame my prejudice, and following my impulse, I delved deep into its mysteries.

"As long as my father lived, I confined my researches to his laboratory, but after his demise, I traveled in Europe, wandering about from place to place, seeking pleasure. At length, wearied and satiated, I returned home.

"I had spent part of my time, while abroad, visiting hospitals and laboratories. At one of the hospitals in Paris I became acquainted with a Doctor Tyrrell, who, after a short friendship, told me his history. To my astonishment he proved to be a half-brother of my mother. He was of a boyish temper he had run away from home when but fifteen years of age, and finally settled in Berlin, where by his wonderful discoveries he had become one of the most eminent practitioners of the country.

"My mother having married and removed to another part of the country, the half-brother had lost trace of her, and had never heard from her or any of his people since he left home.

"A year later he died, leaving to me, by his will, all his implements and instruments, with a request that I should take up a certain scientific research which he had begun, and which he had not quite finished to carry out to a successful issue.

"A pleasure-lover and rather indolent at times, I decided to begin my labor at a distance from home, remote from my friends, where I would have no interruptions when the impulse to experiment seized me, and where, with my pallid upon me, I might leave everything on the instant, finding it to unclouded upon my return—which eventually might not be for months, as the notion took me.

"For some unaccountable reason, I felt a strange disinclination to let any of my friends know of my experimenting, and least some inquisitive eye, might discover my secret, I purchased the house—fresh as "Peaked Hall" and assumed the garb, speech and character of Doctor Tyrrell. Thus, undisturbed, I pursued my studies and investigations, off and on, until a couple of years ago.

"I had long known Lora Desmond, and during the time I had been in town, had been a frequent visitor at the house. Our acquaintance grew to such proportions that our engagement ensued. That I loved Lora I never doubted, until one day a pair of blue eyes met mine for but a single instant; yet in that moment the current of my life was changed and I knew that the love I had believed I entertained for my betrothed was but platonic; in that moment I learned that those soft blue eyes held the charm that was forever to enthrall my senses; in a word, I loved with my whole soul the stranger who, by a mis-step rested in my arms for but a second as she regained her balance upon the steps of the coach that bore her from my sight—as I feared, forever; but—"

"Mirabel!" breathed Muriel, clasping her hands and starting forward impulsively.

A tender thrill wreathed upon the professor's face, as he echoed, "Mirabel! It was indeed my darling, Mirabel—my Galatea! though at that time I knew not her name. I sought for her near and far, but never did my gaze rest upon her sweet face until one morning, when one of my scientific spells had lasted more than I perform the vandal's part and rob the tomb of that beauteous form.

"The day before, a young girl—whom I knew not—had been seized with a strange attack; she had been attended by a physician whose practices, I had good reason to believe, were not always above suspicion —were not entirely upright, and in the sudden death and quick burial I was fain to suspect that some base act had been committed, for I was well aware of the character of Dr. Cadwell.

"Dr. Cadwell? exclaimed Mr. Stanton, "what had he to do with my Mirabel's supposed death?"

"He was the physician who certified to her death," replied the professor," and I determined to investigate for myself the circumstances of her demise. I was familiar with the body with a view to dissecting it, and I knew that should I find her dead, even as I feared I might, I would have brought a charge of murder against the physician.

"How my heart bounded when in his victim, I found the sweetheart of my dreams—the girl I had worshiped from afar, but before myself to mar the perfect outlines of her body, and as I gazed, my thought's detected signs of latent life. In an ecstasy of fear, doubt and hope, I fell upon my knees, and with my clenched hands in wild love, examined every dear lineament—did oh joy! Thank heaven! for the scientific eye which discerned that her state was catalepsy —not death! I brought all my strength of will, my powers of hypnotism to bear, and under their potent influence, I beheld the light of life kindle in the lovely, but not beautiful face; the lids quivered, then opened, and I looked into her eyes.

"Time and sleep and the relaxation of his features, the only testimony of the exciting the occital, bore testimony of the terrible mental strain he was undergoing. After a pause, she continued, more calmly:

"My darling slowly regained her strength, but when she realized herself, her life had left her, I feared forever! I examined her head carefully; a portion of the skull had been indented by a blow and I decided that when her health was restored I would obtain the services of some reliable surgeon, and together we would perform an operation and set the bone in position. This I knew I could myself do, but I dreaded the effects, should some other complication arise, and lest I should accidentally kill and I make a false stroke—for my love was such that I had no confidence in my own powers—I waited the return of an eminent man from abroad. In the meantime, during my absence, the foul fiend brought Dr. Cadwell to my house; he met my darling face to face, and the foul fiend still stole her from me. I have devoted my whole time to her since. Alas! I could neither eat nor sleep—and, while I am divulging the rascality of my demon, dear, well, I will state what I have concealed, so long—his attempt to murder your younger sister, Miss Stanton. He has his object, you perhaps, may know, I do not."

A low cry of horror interrupted him.

"Oh, my God! murder my daughter, Muriel! Didn't the fiend done enough in his fury to me without adding murder to his list of iniquities!" Mr. Stanton sprang to his feet, his face pale with almost unendurable indignation. "Could I but lay hands on the scoundrel, I would kill him like outcast—I'd tear his black heart from his body!"

Muriel had sunk back trembling in her chair, her face as white as marble.

In a voice sharp with anger, the professor retied his knowledge of the attempted poisoning of Muriel, and added: "You will say, why did I not bring him at once to justice? I will give you my reasons. Mirabel's being most dear to me, and were she insecured in some prison, I could not but be knew of her presence, she might starve and die; were he left at liberty, by dogging him, I hoped to have my darling restored. I had detectives watch him constantly, whenever he left the house, but he was unable to discover her whereabouts. The rest you know."

"What can have been the reason of that rascal's hatred of my daughter," puzzled Mr. Stanton, more to himself than to any one, thought. "He has long been our family physician and has attended us in every illness since their childhood, although Muriel had always shrunk from him with some indefinitive aversion for which we yielded not believing it ill-founded. I know of no earthly reason why he should conceive a wicked man to crush purity and innocence."

"I can tell you this much, sir," remarked Mirabel, "he has been in love with Muriel for more innocence and broken more hearts, destroyed more women than any man I ever knew; that fatal power of hypnotism he has wielded so long and so unscrupulously, cut mercy, and unless something is done to check his career, either by man or God, his path in the future, will be strewn with the corpses of many another ruined character and home."

"His career will be cut short!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton, "I'll see to his death! I'll pay for the injury he has done me and mine."

"And I'm with you!" emphatically supplemented Muriel, starting to the house. Our "It can be no sin to rid the earth of such a demon!"

A sharp ring of the telephone sounded. Hist—s-s! hist—s-s!

"Our call," said Mr. Stanton impatiently, and going to the 'phone he called, "Hallos!"

"Hallos!" came back the response—it was the call from the hospital, and Professor Tyrrell went to the 'phone.

An instant later his companions were startled by an ejaculation; his face had grown red, then pale, then red again, and his voice trembled.

"God be praised! the lost is found! My darling and yours is safe! She is at the Memorial hospital. The message is from there. Let us hasten thither!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

REUNITED.

With beating hearts and an impatience almost boundless, Mr. Stanton and Professor Tyrrell sat in the carriage as the horses, spurred with whip and rein, made their best speed toward the hospital, arriving there at practically the same moment as the Chief of Police.

Scarcely had the electric bell been touched than the door was opened by the smartly-dressed nurse who was in attendance. With pleasant greeting, she led the way to the female medical ward, where lay the patient they sought.

In breathless silence, Mr. Stanton glanced from bed to bed, as they passed between the long lines of cots, until his gaze fell upon the face he had so long deemed forever gone from earth. With a sobbing cry, he sprang forward, his lips working with unrepressed emotion. Falling upon his knees beside the white-robed couch, he threw his arms about the neck of the sick girl.

"My daughter! my loved, my lost Mirabel!" he exclaimed brokenly. "Thank God for all his mercies!"

Professor Tyrrell had paused by his side, while a flush of joy on the Chief stood in respectful silence.

The light of joy illumined Tyrrell's countenance as he witnessed the parent's rapture. At length, his wonderful, dark orbs gleaming with tears of thankfulness, he stepped forward, holding out his hands to the fair girl in front of her father's sight of his presence, extended both arms with a cry of delight, raised herself in bed, her face aglow with happiness.

"My love! my life!"

In the happy tone of the professor that broke the stillness as he clasped his Galatea to his bosom, holding her fast in close embrace.

It is here words, Dr. Bates rehearsed the manner of her coming, and all the circumstances that had come under his observation, which, unnoticed by the visitor who had advanced, down the aisle—it was the colored woman, Aunt Dinah.

As the doctor was relating the strange circumstances, Professor Tyrrell had been bending over the fair forehead, breathing upon the soft lids which had drooped in maidenly modesty, pressing warm kisses as light as the sephyrs of dawn upon the blushing cheeks, whispering soft words of endearment in the pink ear.

"Awake to love and hope!" Dispel all doubts and fears, all sadness and grief; naught but happiness is before thee!"

He waved his hand lightly over her face, until a new light—purity of destiny, and happiness, beamed from her eyes, and as she gazed about her, she uttered a soft exclamation of wonder.

"Father, dear!"

"The nurse, Mrs. Haskell, believes the lady has been controlled by some base, hypnotic spell," the doctor was saying in conclusion.

"Thank a merciful Providence, she is no longer in thrall of any spell save that of love!" Professor announced the professor, rising to his feet, "the sorcerer's power is broken, and now, by the power of God, in full possession of her faculties!"

Again that piteous cry, as she threw her self into Mr. Stanton's lap.

"Father! father!"

"Hallos, my child Galatea, or Mirabel Stanton, as we may now call her, nestled close to your heart, I believe!" Professor, her cheek each time her eyes met the professor, who stood quietly by the bedside.

Without a word, but with a blushing cheek, she shyly put out one tiny hand to her lover, who gently took it and fastened it in his own warm palms.

"I conceive my presence is no longed required here," remarked Doctor Bates, "and since I have several patients who seem more in need of my medical attendance, if you'll excuse me, I'll make the remainder of my round."

"And I, also, may ask permission to retire," added the Chief with an answering chuckle in the voice, "as my duties, you know, are galore."

His request translated all upon their happy reunion, he bowed politely and was about to leave the ward, when he came face to face with Aunt Dinah.

"Hallos, Auntie!" he said, "what brings you here? Have some one under hypnotic treatment?"

"No, Marse Pliceman, not no one 'bloungin' to me, but de lamb what is what was brung heah from de Club house."

"What!" cried the Chief, said the Chief, and with a salute he passed out, while Aunt Dinah continued to talk.

"Bress de Lor', honey!" she exclaimed with emotion. "I'se powerful glad to see you, my pearl-dookin'" and clasping Mirabel's hand she pressed a heartfelt kiss upon it. "I'se been mighty worried about you, honey. Mr. Stanton, "yer see, Marse, I'se de ole nigger what was nussin' Miss Galatea when from dat ole debbil, Doctor' What-'s-his-name?"

"Cadwell!" prompted the professor, gently.

"Yes, Marse, dat dar's de name oh de ole willyun—Cadwell! He was a-chasin' oh her when she was a-runnin' from him in de dark crazy-house and she runned inter de clubhouse wh'ar I'se de stewardess, an' ter keep fellahs from knowin' dat she am a white gal, I stained her face an' neck an' arms an' hands, an' when I seen how my ole man didn't know but as how she's a cullud gal. Hain't dat so Missy Galatea, honey?"

Mirabel assented, shuddering—how well she remembered the horrors of that terrible night.

With keenest interest they all listened to her tale as the negress graphically described the arrival of Mirabel; of her un-

(Continued on page eleven.)

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Another sold 1 in 1/7410693711188236507108543040556026102609279018600996098525285376506440296955904 second. Another sold 1 in 1/14821387422376473014217086081112052205218558037201992197050570753012880593911808 second. Another sold 1 in 1/29642774844752946028434172162224104410437116074403984394101141506025761187823616 second. Another sold 1 in 1/59285549689505892056868344324448208820874232148807968788202283012051522375647232 second. Another sold 1 in 1/118571099379011784113736688648896417641748464297615937576404566024103044751294464 second. Another sold 1 in 1/237142198758023568227473377297792835283496928595231875152809132048206089502588928 second. Another sold 1 in 1/474284397516047136454946754595585670566993857190463750305618264096412179005177856 second. Another sold 1 in 1/948568795032094272909893509191171341133987714380927500611236528192824358010355712 second. Another sold 1 in 1/1897137590064188545819787018382342682267975428761855001222473056385648716020711424 second. Another sold 1 in 1/3794275180128377091639574036764685364535950857523710002444946112771297432041422848 second. Another sold 1 in 1/7588550360256754183279148073529370729071901715047420004889892225542594864082845696 second. Another sold 1 in 1/15177100720513508366558296147058741458143803430094840009779784451085189728165691392 second. Another sold 1 in 1/30354201441027016733116592294117482916287606860189680019559568902170379456331382784 second. Another sold 1 in 1/60708402882054033466233184588234965832575213720379360039119137804340758912662765568 second. Another sold 1 in 1/121416805764108066932466369176469931665150427440758720078238275608681517825325531136 second. Another sold 1 in 1/242833611528216133864932738352939863330300854881517440156476551217363035650651062272 second. Another sold 1 in 1/485667223056432267729865476705879726660601709763034880312953102434726071301302124544 second. 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Another sold 1 in 1/248661618204893321077691124073410420050228075398673858720231988446579748506266687766528 second. Another sold 1 in 1/497323236409786642155382248146820840100456150797347717440463976893159497012533375533056 second. Another sold 1 in 1/994646472819573284310764496293641680200912301594695434880927953786318994025066751066112 second. Another sold 1 in 1/1989292945639146568621528992587283360401824603189390869761855907572637988050133502132224 second. Another sold 1 in 1/3978585891278293137243057985174566720803649206378781739523711815145275976100267004264448 second. Another sold 1 in 1/7957171782556586274486115970349133441607298412757563479047423630290551952200534008528896 second. Another sold 1 in 1/15914343565113172548972231940698266883214596825515126958094847260581103904401068017057792 second. Another sold 1 in 1/31828687130226345097944463881396533766429193651030253916189694521162207808802136034115584 second. Another sold 1 in 1/63657374260452690195888927762793067532858387302060507832379389042324415617604272068231168 second. Another sold 1 in 1/127314748520905380391777855525586135065716774604121015664758778084648831235208544136462336 second. Another sold 1 in 1/254629497041810760783555711051172270131433549208242031329517556169297662470417088272924672 second. Another sold 1 in 1/509258994083621521567111422102344540262867098416484062659035112338595324940834176545849344 second. Another sold 1 in 1/1018517988167243043134222844204689080525734196832968125318070224677190649881668353091698688 second. Another sold 1 in 1/2037035976334486086268445688409378161051468393665936250636140449354381299763336706183397376 second. Another sold 1 in 1/4074071952668972172536891376818756322102936787331872501272280898708762599526673412366794752 second. Another sold 1 in 1/8148143905337944345073782753637512644205873574663745002544561797417525199053346824733589504 second. 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Another sold 1 in 1/4697085165547666455778961193578674054751365097816639741414581943064418050229216886927397996769537406063869952 second. Another sold 1 in 1/9394170331095332911557922387157348109502730195633279482829163886128836100458433773854795993539074812127739904 second. Another sold 1 in 1/18788340662190665823115844774314696219005460391266558965658327772257672200916867547709591987078149624255479808 second. Another sold 1 in 1/37576681324381331646231689548629392438010920782533117931316655544515344401833735095419183974156299248510959616 second. Another sold 1 in 1/75153362648762663292463379097258784876021841565066235862633311089030688803667470190838367948312598497021919232 second. Another sold 1 in 1/150306725297525326584926758194517569752043683130132471725266622178061377607334940381676735896625196994043838464 second. Another sold 1 in 1/300613450595050653169853516389035139504087366260264943450533244356122755214669880763353471793250393988087676928 second. 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Another sold 1 in 1/76957043352332967211482500195592995713046365762627825523336510555167425334955489475418488779072100860950445293568 second. Another sold 1 in 1/153914086704665934422965000391185991426092731525255651046673021110334850669910978950836977558144201721900890587136 second. Another sold 1 in 1/307828173409331868845930000782371982852185463050511302093346042220669701339821957901673955116288403443801781174272 second. Another sold 1 in 1/615656346818663737691860001564743965704370926101022604186692084441339402679643915803347910232576806887603562348544 second. Another sold 1 in 1/1231312693637327475383720003129487931408741852202045208373384168882678805359287831606695820465153613775207124697088 second. Another sold 1 in 1/2462625387274654950767440006258975862817483704404090416746768337765357610718575663213391640930307227550414249394176 second. Another sold 1 in 1/4925250774549309901534880012517951725634967408808180833493536675530715221437151326426783281860614455100828498788352 second. Another sold 1 in 1/9850501549098619803069760025035903451269934817616361666987073351061430442874302652853566563721228910201656997576704 second. Another sold 1 in 1/19701003098197239606139520050071806902539869635232723333974146702122860885748605305707133127442457820403313995153408 second. Another sold 1 in 1/39402006196394479212279040100143613805079739270465446667948293404245721771497210611414266254884915640806627990306816 second. Another sold 1 in 1/78804012392788958424558080200287227610159478540930893335896586808491443542994421222828532509769831281613255980613632 second. Another sold 1 in 1/157608024785577916849116160400574455220318957081861786671793173616982887085988842445657065019539662563226511961227264 second. 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One Woman's Wisdom.

Green—I don't see how Slyker's wife manages to get along with him.
Brown—Why not?
Green—He's such a slippery chap.
Brown—Oh, she walks over him roughshod.

Change of Scene.

The clock had just finished striking the midnight hour, when one of the banqueters, a married man, stood up.
"Gentlemen," he said, "my evening of pleasure is at an end. I now go home to a morning of displeasure."

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With soothing balmy oils. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for illustrated book. Sent free. Address Dr. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

Skeptical.

"Yes," began the maiden, "you are the only man I ever——"
"Is it possible?" he interrupted. "And leap year almost ended, too!"

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, WHEN it is in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.
Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Point of View.

His—I see some scientist is claiming that kissing is a cure for dyspepsia.
Her—Well, what good is that to a married man if he is only allowed to kiss his wife?

A Reliable Heart Cure.
Miss A. Watmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect cure she used.

Crafty Sherlock.

Again the modern Sherlock triumphed.
"That man tried to make people believe he was from Pittsburg by smoking a stogie," said Sherlock.
"And how could you tell he was not from Pittsburg?" asked the friend.
"Because he made faces while smoking the stogie. Only a native of Pittsburg can smile and smoke a stogie."

Rheumatic Treatment Free.
The Dr. Jebb rheumatic treatment has cured thousands of chronic rheumatics after other treatments had failed. It is an absolutely new discovery, different from all other remedies, insuring in every case is prescribed for separately. If you suffer from rheumatism write a plain letter to the Jebb Remedy Co., 43 Main street, Battle Creek, Mich., stating your true condition, and a trial treatment compounded especially for your individual case will be sent you absolutely free, by mail postpaid. Write today.

As Others See Us.

Algernon—It—aw—takes nine tailors to—aw—make a man, deah boy.
Jack—According to that, I suppose a dressmaker was employed in your case.

Fine Deafness Book Free.
An exceedingly helpful and interesting book, that tells all about deafness and how to cure it, is now being given away free by its author, Deafness Specialist Sproule, whose offices are at 306 Trade Building, Boston, and we advise all deaf people to read his announcement on page 7 of this number, and send for the book, which contains the most valuable information for deaf people, and explains just why deafness comes on and how it can be cured.

A woman is seldom interested in her husband's letters unless they are marked "personal."

Sam—Look hegr, Remus, why didn't yo' get up en lick dat chauffeur when he run ovah you?
Remus—Well, Ah, reckon not! Dat machine was tagged "4-11-44" en 'twill sho-ly bring me luck.

Tempters.

Editor—In this article you say that a great deal of thievery is caused by handbaggers. You mean sandbaggers, don't you?
Writer—No, handbaggers. Women who go around swinging handbags for crooks in the shopping district to grab.

PROOF UNIMPEACHABLE.

Boosten—But has your airship ever actually flown?
Whizzer—Certainly it has. I have the certified copies of my hospital records!

In Shantytown.

Larry—They say Mulligan's daughter is a musical prodigy. Whin she broke ail ricords Mulligan wor tickled to death.
Denny—Yis, awn whin she broke th' piano ivverybody like wor tickled.

Mamma Was Shocked.

"Mr. Huggins asked me to marry him last night," said the blushing damsel.
"And what did you say?" asked her mother.
"Why," replied the fair maid, "I told him to ask you."
"Ask me!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Why, my dear, you surely wouldn't want your poor mother to commit bigamy, would you?"

An Insinuation.

Diggs—I hear you have sold your restaurant. Wasn't it a moneymaker?
Diggs—Yes, I was making $50 daily.
Diggs—Then what was your reason for disposing of it?
Biggs—Oh, I was compelled to sell it on account of poor health.
Diggs—Huh! Why didn't you take your meals somewhere else?

An Insinuation.

Johnson—According to statistics the proportion of bald-headed men among criminals is very small.
Tomkins—Well, I've always been an advocate of the theory that marriage has a tendency to keep a man from crime.

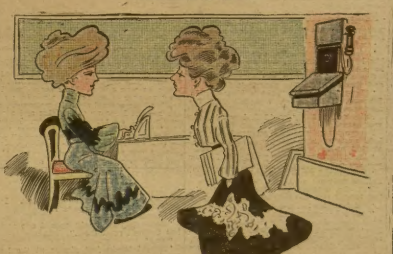
A Rural Bill Collector.

City Journalist—How do do, old man? Where are you located now?
Old Friend—In Squash County.
"Farming?"
"No; collecting bills, or trying to."
"Ah, I see. Editing a country paper."

Kentucky Again.

"What do you mean by stating that all your characters have red noses?" demanded the publisher.
"Why, it's a Kentucky novel," replied the author, "and you told me to add local color."

"THE LINE IS BUSY."



Telephone Girl—Did I tell you my engagement is broken?
Second T. G.—Will, well, it is only another "ring-off."

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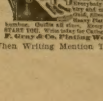

in one week, writes E. L. Smith of Pa. Send me a postal card and I will tell you how I did it. Jos. J. Fitz, a farmer, writes, one week's work $31.00 my profit. That Parker, Miss., made $15.00 in 3 hours. Wm. Smith made $12.00 profit one day. $1.25 outfit free. Plating Dishes, Tableware, Jewelry, Bicycles, Autos, Stoves. No Experience Required. Everybody buy tableware, watches, jewelry and many goods to be plated from. Gilding, Silvering, Nickel and Metal plating by dipping. Outfits complete for all kinds of business. Quality all goods. Everything explained. Write to-day. Don't delay. Write me to-day for Catalog, Agents and Offer. Address, F. Gray, 41 Gray Building, Cincinnati, O.
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A STRANGE TEMPTATION.

BY SIDNEY J. MURRAY.

"It's all settled, Kit," cried a slim, beautiful girl, in a hard despairing voice that she herself knew was strange; "no more poverty, and no more pinching. We've had our share and enough of it, and now we'll have no more."

The speaker drew off her gloves leisurely and held her hands to the ruddy blaze.

She looked wonderfully beautiful as she bent there, her eyes gazing a thousand miles away through the glowing coal, and with the fire-light playing around her aquiline nose and perfect lips. And as she stood, her sister watched her in the gathering twilight, and thought she never saw her look so beautiful, not yet so truly strange.

"Oh, Mabel, have you really accepted the darling old millionaire at last? How delightful!"

Kitty jumped up from the sofa and clapped her hands, her face expressing instinctive delight. Oh, how beautiful to have just so much money as you need, and everything you can set your mind on! Truly, the prospect was great, and Kitty laughed with her seventeen-year-old laugh, and danced prettily with all the abandon and frolic of seventeen years.

She completed the circuit by halting at her sister's side, who still gazed into the firelight, with her face filled with an odd mingling of love and bitterness. Kitty knew full well what was passing in Mabel's mind, and she, too, felt sorrowful, even as she did, or had not lived long enough to feel, what it was or what it meant.

And yet she was but a little somber, just a little depressed, as she put one hand into her sister's and the other round her shoulders.

"Poor Mab!" she said; "how sad you look."

"I have reason to be sad," responded Mabel, with a short, mirthless laugh; "you chosen the road that's to be mine till death!"

A little catch in her voice that was not natural to Mabel caused Kitty to draw her closer and comfort her as best she could; and as she thought of all it meant, and all it would bring to Mabel, she forgot her into a reckless laugh that became seventeen years so well.

"You have chosen just what I should—wealth. Oh, think of it, Mabel! Think what our future will be! Why, you are mistress of Mr. Johnson's lovely mansions and fortune! But I knew you'd go to Mabel, I knew you would. It's just what I should have done myself."

"Don't, Kit, don't," pleaded Mabel, in a voice so strained and sad that Kitty looked alarmed. "You don't know what you're saying, and you don't know what you mean. You have never been driven by stern necessity to sacrifice your own true love, who is all the world to you, to marry an old man's millions."

"No, I haven't," replied Kitty, quickly, with all the decision of her experience; "but if I had to I would. I shouldn't hesitate a single minute to save the young love without a dollar, and millions—and especially if the owner of the millions chanced to be such a fine-looking man as Mr. Johnson is, and you know," she went on, coloring a little, "he is really handsome, Mabel, and he is only forty. I wish it was me he was going to marry, and not you."

A smile overspread Mabel's features, and she laughed outright. The idea of such a charming slip of humanity as Kitty being the wife of a middle-aged millionaire! It was too absurd.

"Anyway," continued Kitty, feeling that something was expected of her by expression of her conduct, and pouting a little, "you should really take it more happily. It isn't right not to."

And then, as Kitty turned to the tea things on the table, the flushed, pallid look swept back into Mabel's pale face, and she sighed heavily.

"How thoughtless she is," she murmured, "and cruel. It seems a light thing, this, to give up my love to be sold for her sake. Yes," she said, half savagely, "for her sake, not mine. If it were not for her his money would have been as dirt to me. I know what poverty is, but the bitterness is sweet compared with a life without love, without him. And he comes here tonight, and—God forgive me!—I must tell him," and a shudder shook her frame.

"Mabel," cried Kitty, as lightly and as happily as though ill-starred love had never come her way, "tea's ready," and then Mabel tried her best to look pleased and happy, and told Kitty what happened to her in the course of the daily governess, and Kitty had some new story to tell of dear, delightful Mr. Johnson.

"Dear, darling Mab," thought Kitty, as her eyes rested fondly upon her sister. "I've never had a mother, since I was here dear old heart, but what she hasn't helped me out of it, and now she's going to lift us right out of the worst trouble of all—this horrid poverty."

And later, when Rudolf Turner, Mabel's handsome, manly lover, came upon the scene, Kitty only felt more interested with Ada Brown, who had the flat below.

"Poor chap," thought Kitty, commiseratingly, as she saw the hopeful lovelight in his eyes as he rested his gaze upon all he loved in the world, "he'll get a way by night, I know; I'm awfully sorry for you, but, after all, it can't be helped. What is love, anyway, when it means everlasting poverty? She'll forget all about it when she is Mrs. Johnson. Why, it's like a fairyland after this!"

And poor Kitty worldly because she had never felt the fire of love, went off to Ada Brown.

And those two? They remained together, with all they both loved, in that small room.

She had kept him hoping on for weeks, trying to make him become dearly pale, and urged in her breast.

And now that it was all over, she knew her course, and he was to hear it tonight.

How she told him she knew not; a dull clutching held her throat, and the most serious only of those words which would bring them pain—and poverty.

As through a curtain that seemed to hide from her the fearful wrong she wrought, she saw his face become deadly pale, and his eyes darken with a strange despair.

"Mabel," he said, at last, in a low, hoarse voice that sought her heart, and made her shiver as it reached it, "these are the last of those enchanted dreams that kept me for you, and you for me—crushed beneath the feet of Fate. You, Mabel, the woman I loved with all my heart and soul, better than life itself—bruised and scattered by you—"

"Don't Robert, don't reproach me," she sobbed.

"I don't reproach you, Mabel; why should I? According to what you have done wisely. You have chosen what is worthy of you, and I—I have chosen what matters it that you have walked over one man's bleeding heart to gain it?"

His answer was her sobbing and her quivering frame; and he rose.

"Could she love him like that?

"Rudolf," she said, "it is for Kitty's sake and mine—don't, oh, don't judge me by—by—"

"For her sake! What of mine?" he said, with a hard, cold laugh. "As was gone.

The next day the millionaire's betrothal ring, an immense circle of diamonds and rubies, glistened on Mabel's lovely hand, and, urged by her, and by Kitty, she consented to an early wedding.

Mr. Johnson was a constant visitor at the little flat, and Kitty looked upon him as a petted sister, was never tired of expressing admiration of him to Kitty and Mabel. She thought he was absolutely the most delightful man she had ever met, and Mabel's mood was such that she could in love with him!

Mabel smiled when she listened to these extravagant comments, and, except when alone with her sister, was bright and gay and so radiant, that it was little wonder Kitty only half guessed what a sacrifice Mabel was making.

The days rolled on, and it was just a week before the day appointed for the wedding, that Mabel, while on a shopping tour, came upon Rudolf Turner and her sweetheart.

"And do you know, Mabel," she said at parting, "that Rudolf Turner is seriously ill with brain fever. They tell me it is some love trouble. Poor fellow. I hope he gets over it."

All that evening and the next morning Mabel was lost in her own sad thoughts. It was late in the afternoon when she suddenly sprang up, and white and resolute, flung away her sewing, and left the room, telling her eyes.

"Kitty, I can't and won't stand it an hour longer!" she cried; "Rudolf Turner is perhaps dying, and he is mine! I am going to him."

"Mabel," said Kitty, "are you mad?"

"I have been, but I'm sane now, mine! My heart is Rudolf's, and he alone shall have it!"

She wrenched away her betrothal ring, and threw it into her sister's lap.

"There!" she said, "go back to Mr. Johnson, if he comes, and tell him the marriage has not taken."

And, before Kitty could find words, she was alone.

Long after, when Mabel returned, her face held such exquisite happiness that Kitty started up in wonder.

"Oh, Mabel, how happy you look! I know you are now."

"Yes, dear, I am happy, and so is Rudolf; and he will get well, and then—"

But she bethought herself of what she left behind and her face flushed with pain.

"Did he come?" she said.

"Don't be sorry, Mab," returned Kitty, very demurely, and with a deeply flushing face; "you see, when he lost you he—he—asked if I would console him."

"Kitty!" Mabel stared with amazed eyes at the pretty, flushed face. "Why, you little rogue, I believe you were in love with him all the while!"

"I believe I was," replied Kitty, simply.

There were two weddings a little later from the flat, and immediately after, Mr. Johnson presented Mabel with a check for fifty thousand dollars.

"Will you have it?" he asked; "as a wedding gift from your brother and sister? Kit says it includes both love and pelf."

Selling a Farm.

"There are many ways of bringing a bestiating buyer up to the mark," said lawyer John E. Rhoe, to a reporter of the Chicago News; "but the way my friend, Tom Corrigan of Du Page County, managed to sell his farm was about as unique as any.

"Tom was tired of farming in that particular section. He wanted to sell and get out, and his neighbor, Silas Barker, whose farm lay across the road from him, wanted just as badly to buy and get in. But Silas was a great hand at a bargain, and he kept waiting for Tom to come down to a price that would please him. This Tom was not inclined to do. The pair occasionally met, and casually referred to the matter, one trying to conceal that he was anxious to sell and the other that he was burning to buy, but they never seemed to come any nearer an agreement.

"'Well, Mr. Barker,' said Tom at length, 'I think I've a good buyer in view now for this farm of mine. Still, you being a neighbor, I'm willing to give you the preference.

"'What's your price today?' asked Silas.

"'It's five hundred dollars more than it was last time,' replied Tom.

"I guess you'll keep it, then,' answered Barker.

"Next day Silas saw Tom conducting a Roman Catholic priest over the farm as if he were pointing out points and all its vantages. On inquiry he got a whisper from a fellow neighbor that the priest was negotiating with Father Madigan, who wanted the place for a parish.

"'Pon my honor! Right at his door, too! A cemetery with hearses and carriages full of mourners, passing almost at his very threshold every day, and bristling rows of tombstones in full view from his house. This would be a sad upset to his cherished dream of amalgamating the two farms and owning one of the finest pieces of land in Du Page County.

"He very soon he sought out Tom Corrigan. 'Is it trie that you're going to sell your farm?' he asked.

"'That's my own business, Mr. Barker,' said Tom.

"'And is it true that it's going to be made into a cemetery?'

"'Now, Barker,' said Tom, 'the little I know or care what the buyer intends to make of it, so long as I get a good price for it.'

"'Well, Corrigan, what's the price of your farm today?'

"'It's one thousand dollars more than it was yesterday,' answered Tom.

"'I guess I'll, then,' said Barker, 'I'll take it at that price.'

"And he took it. Now, the priest had no notion of purchasing real estate and with his innocent visit, so he was angry. But he was not thoroughly disgusted as was Silas Barker when the latter discovered the trick by which Corrigan had got his own price for his farm.

Oddities.

Money is earned with such difficulty by the Parisian working people and existence is such a struggle that they clutch at their sous with a tenacity unknown. When, some years ago the Opera Comique blazed amid the horrors of a battlefield of flames, the women attendants thought of their tips, the cashiers of their money, there for a footstool. Unmindful of their own peril and that of others, they rushed to and fro, begging for contributions from half-dazed creatures for their money. A similar scene happened during the terrible catastrophe on the Paris underground railway. Although the flames were leaping around them, and death, many workmen refused to move from the crowded station, clamoring for the return of the forfeited ticket.

In one of Lord Milner's recent speeches he told several stories about Abraham Lincoln, in his second inaugural address to congress, uttered the following words:

"Fondly do we hope,
Fervently do we pray
That this mighty scourge of war
May speedily pass away.
Yet if it be God's will
That it continue still—"

and here he dropped back into prose. Another curious instance of involuntary rhyme is in Wycliffe's translation of one of the last books in which verse would be expected:

"There is no force, however great,
Can stretch a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line,
That will be accurately straight."

"It is not an uncommon thing," says a man who has hunted in Central Africa, "to meet a native who has face missing and when you ask him how it happened he will tell you that a hyena snapped at him while he was asleep. It is marvelous how they recover from such wounds, as the bite of the hyena is poisonous, and the natives have no antiseptics and a very crude way of treating wounds. When a 'fiel,' as the natives call it, comes round the camp howling, they 'boys' shout all sorts of curses at him. But very often the animal makes no noise whatever and not till next morning is the loss of something discovered."

Woman's Way.

"Yes, I had a quarrel with Jack. I returned his letters unopened."

"Indeed?"

"That—that is, I only opened one corner, but I didn't read them,"

"No"

"Except to—to just glance at the heading."

"Is that all?"

"And—and see what was in the middle."

"You are sure?"

"And run through the postscript. But I didn't read them. Oh, no, indeed, dear!"

Poetical Bric-a-Brac.

MAN AND WOMAN.
(Collier's Weekly.)

Man tells his fishing tales; and he
Is prone to let his fancies surey
Until he almost makes us see
The mammoth ones that got away.

And woman, reminiscent, tells
Will often shake her pretty head,
And tell of how they came to woo—
The countless men she did not wed.

IN ABSENCE.

Thus sleepless longing for the dear one's face,
His touch, his presence—leave me, I adjure thee!
Torment me not; grant but a moment's space
For that clear vision that shall reassure me!
However close our burning cheeks might press,
The soul's unspoken distance must divide us.
But this—the angels call it happiness—
The high ecstatic pain that doth unite us!
Nor self is lost in disembodied bliss,
And I forget to hunger for His kiss.

HE'S WORRIED.

I hold myself above a thought
That you could ever prove untrue,
Nor would I for a moment doubt
That you might say or you might do,
But Jessie is a conscientious girl
Who rather seems to need a chill—
Or no encouragement at first,
I am not jealous, love, but still—

His foolish smirking stirs my bile,
His hair-cut makes me positive me mad.
I think, though, if you did not smile
It rather would quiet down the bad,
He's insignificant, I know.
His intellect is simply nil,
You need not seem to like him, though,
I am not jealous, love, still—

Why, yes, you let him take your hand,
You might dismiss him with a bow,
Perhaps if you were firmer
He's too familiar, anyhow.
He's just the sort of person it
Would give me great delight to kill,
Of course, I am not jealous,
I am not jealous, love, but still—

DROWNING TROUBLE.

Now watch the gladsome shoppers
As up and down the streets,
They go in sadly worried,
They come out sadly beat;
He standeth by his helpmeet
And listeneth to her woes,
The while she bureth from a girt
His head to count, some hose.

Then while the shopper waiteth
He stands with sheepish grin
Upon while mother and daughter
Hands out some safety pins,
And then another bureth, sweet thing,
He used to dream would be
His life's judgment, which show his wife
Some dainty lingerie.

O, shopping is a gladsome game!
Before the day's begun
His mustache has been nibbled till
It's nearly half undone,
That night he hiketh off to town
Keeping by a train
To where a man in apron white
May pour him full of booze.

ENGAGED.

Engaged! Who would have thought it!
It happened so sudden, you see.
Who would have thought it!
And how did he know 'twould fit me?
And how did he know I was free?
And call me his "darling," and "Bess!"
And use the same half-dozen phrases
He I'm sure that I did'nt say "yes."

Last night, why, I hadn't a notion
That I'd be engaged this night—mine—
Tho' he was, vowed the girls, all devotion,
And we had lots of fun, I confess,
And to think that mama, she suspected,
And set up so that she listened,
To whisper that "no one objected!"
I'm sure that I did say "yes!"

'Twas right in the midst of the weather
He acted so funny and queer;
I was sitting with papa together—
And prayed someone else would appear.
And then I knew I was a dandy
I was tight in his arms, nothing less!
And he was all shining and—
I'm sure that I didn't say "yes!"

It's a beauty, a regular beauty!
And not without reason I hate!
I suppose—I suppose it's my duty
To send and return it to-day.
I can't give it up—it's worth double
The cost—a present by Tiffany!
And I can't give him up, more's the trouble!
But I'm sure that I never said "yes."

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A Dual Nature.

(Continued from page seven.)

witting entrance to the club-room just at the moment when the reckless Monte Frew-hand held the revolver to his temple; of her discovery by-him; how she had fled to her black protectress; of the staining of her skin; how the reading of Cadwell's name had frightened her; how she had fallen and been injured; of her removal to the hospital —part of which the doctor had informed them previously, but without the minute details with which Joonna related the circumstances.

How the blood of her listeners boiled with indignation as the recital proceeded, and how in their hearts they swore vengeance against the miscreant when they should meet him face to face!

"Fool!" muttered Monte Freeland, as the truth flashed upon him. "The vision I fancied I saw the night when, in my distraction I partook of so much wine that I would have deliberately committed suicide at the club, was in reality my darling Golatea!"

Monte's cogitations were interrupted by Mr. Stanton's question:

"Do you think she is well enough to be taken home, professor?" and the father gazed up anxiously into the face of the hypnotist.

Carefully feeling Mirabel's pulse, he nodded gravely, then replied. "She is ngarly in a normal state; slightly weak, but otherwise all right. Now that her mind has been relieved of its incubus, she will regain her accustomed poise shortly. The loving care of her friends will soon dispel the nervousness that remains upon her long subjection to hypnotic control. No harm can result from her removal, which I would advise to be done at once—of course with the consent of the hospital authorities."

The physician at this moment returning, the question was put, and the gladly acquiescent replies were quickly made. Mirabel was placed in the carriage, and loving hands having wrapped the robes about her shivering form, they made their journey homeward, while she leaned contentedly against her mother's shoulder, his arm twined about her waist.

Her eyes wandered from face to face then drooped shyly; the burning blushes spreading quickly o'er her cheeks in rapid succession as at time she met the adoring passionate look in the dark eyes of her lover—a look which by words he tried to conceal—his every effort proving a more signal failure than the preceding one.

At home her heart bounded as she was carried up the steps only to be clasped in the arms of her sister-sister, Muriel, and nearly smothered with kisses. It seemed as if her heart would burst with its meed of joy.

"My darling sister! Darling Mirabel!" exclaimed Muriel, fondly. "And we believed you dead!"

There was happiness were shining in her eyes as she ran ahead of her father, who was carrying the fragile form of Mirabel up stairs to her own room, where they were met by Lora.

Immediately upon the receipt of the telephone message, everyone had been thrown into the wildest excitement. Some ran to right and left, here and there, up and down stairs, each vieing with the other in her endeavors to add to the comfort of the loved and lost, now about to be restored to love and home; and through the miraculous providence, Muriel becoming almost hysterical at the sweet sounds of the wheels wound upon her ears.

Mirabel's eyes wandered about the well-remembered scenes and as the happy events of the past came back to her, she burst into a flood of tears. Kisses that were so precious to her that it seemed as though they must never cease, were showered upon her face and hair, and as she wondered if, indeed, this home-coming were not heaven itself.

Martelle repaired to his room that this sacred reunion might be undisturbed by the presence of a stranger; but not long was he left to solitude; he was soon summoned to the dining-room where luncheon was served, Lora presiding, for Mr. Stanton and Muriel had gone to bring the happy party spread in Mirabel's room; that, as they lunched, they might feast their eyes upon that loved face.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RECOLLECTION.

That evening Mirabel, leaning upon her father's arm, appeared in the parlor sitting-room, and took possession of the great morris chair in which, before her disappearance, she had spent so many happy hours in girlish musings.

They had not gallers—in fact, it had become the custom of the McMarlands, uncle and nephew, to join the Stanton family circle every evening, and with what a tremulous voice the joyful father told them the glorious news of his daughter's restoration.

It was a brother's kiss of congratulation that George bestowed upon Mirabel's cheek as he warmly clasped her hand. Carroll had just added his heartfelt words of gladness at the reunion, when Professor Tyrrell entered the room, and bowing gravely to the visitors, seated himself near the open fire-place.

It had been agreed between Mr. Stanton and the professor that the latter should maintain his incognito until circumstances such as the present should warrant, it might be, for reasons of his own, Monte much interested to do so.

Closely the friends gathered about the girl as she related the incidents which had led up to the attempted death and the subsequent placing of her body in the tomb.

In their all-absorbing interest, none noted the pallor that rendered Lora's face ghastly white as the story proceeded, nor noted her convulsed expression as the villainy of her uncle was unfolded.

"You will remember, father, Queen Mirabel in a weak voice, "that I had gone to the village of Fenwick to stay a few days with Kitty Darcy, who was ill. You and dear Muriel were at Aunt Mary Stanton's, in Dayton, I was considerably discouraged upon learning that Mr. Cadwell (whom you know I always detested) was the Darcys' family physician, and was at Fenwick, also, for a visit. However, I soon managed to avoid him, finding it very convenient to be out when he called, or when he called. It was on the afternoon of the 14th instant, I remember—ah, how well I recall that fateful day! I was seated in the bow window, whence I could enter a side door unobserved by the inmates of the house, when Cadwell entered.

"As I passed along the highway, I observed a small object lying on the ground, directly in front of the house. I alighted and picked it up. There was no name to indicate to whom it belonged, but upon examination of its contents, judge of my surprise when I gazed upon my own face—for there in the corner was my picture, and the words 'My Darlin'' written in pencil underneath. My curiosity was at once aroused to the highest pitch, and seating myself on a large stone at the crest of a knoll by the roadside, I drew forth the papers inside the wallet and glanced over them. Evidently the owner of the article was Dr. Cadwell, for medical prescriptions and receipted bills bearing his name informed the bulk of its contents. These I replaced, and opened what was apparently a letter addressed to Dr. Cadwell, which in the upper left-hand corner had been torn away; but there remained enough for me to read to my startled eyes that I was on the verge of receiving a confession of crime by stealing myself, and I would eagerly have perused every word, had I not been apprised of his approach by the well known, the peculiar, tripping gait of his saddle-horse, with which my family were familiar. With an instinctive knowledge of the value of the paper, I secured a strong stick that lay near me, and thrusting it through a stone upon which I had been sitting, I trust its paper for undersupport.

"Tossing the wallet where it would meet the eye of its owner, I passed hastily on, trusting that, in the darkness, and also by his finding the article and remounting, I might escape his notice. I then struck into a path in the woods, and thus escape his observation, but not before I had caught a glimpse of me and in less than two minutes was at my side, calling my name, and in ordinary conversation I replied.

"'Mirabel! I have something to say to you!'

"As he spoke, he drew rein and alighted, blocking my way.

"Fearful, I tried to avoid his glance. The old-time power prevailed, when, fixing his eyes upon mine, I succumbed to his fascination. As the serpent transfixes his prey, so Dr. Cadwell compelled my eyes to meet his—my will was gone, and taking my hand, he led me through the woodland path, until we were hidden from the highway.

"There he told me that he loved me. My soul recoiled in horror—only for a time, for I being rebelled with an awful hatred! Yet I could not withdraw from his embrace. Closer and closer he drew me to him, until it seemed as though my brain would burst with the fierce throbs that in his hideous yearning eyes burning my soul! Kisses fierce and terrible he pressed upon my face —mine, as he told me, had conveyed a poison in the underbrush startled him and he turned his head—his attention was diverted from his intended victim—the hand of heaven dispelled the cloud that held my mind captive, and with all my strength I pushed him from me. Like an enraged beast he sprang forward to seize me and I fled; he pursued me; I was once more within his hated grasp, and fixing his angry eyes upon mine, he hissed:

"'You are no longer Mirabel Stanton—you know not whom you are—you are nameless; you have neither friends nor home—you are dead to the world—you are dead! dead! dead!'

"His voice rose to an almost inhuman shriek—my brain swam—I grew dizzy; my limbs failed me, I felt that I was dead—and, without power to support myself, I fell headlong—down—sudden, blinding pain. I knew no more!"

"God have mercy!" groaned Mr. Stanton, while Muriel, who was in his arms, wept in sympathetic tears.

"When I regained consciousness," continued Mirabel, "I was unable to move a muscle—my heart beat could not speak—my heart beat so faintly that it seemed about to stop forever. I was cold, a chill penetrated me, gathered on my face—'death-damp,' I heard Dr. Cadwell say, and his hands passed across my face like the trail of a serpent. "I found her dead in the wood—a young girl beside a large stone. She must have been stricken with apoplexy and fallen, striking her head there with sufficient force to fracture the skull. Her people are very dear friends of mine, and no delay must occur in the preparations for the funeral. We'll place the body in the tomb until spring, then, amid the flowers of May, she'll lay down to rest.'

"The vision conjured up by the rehearsal of the awful occurrence overcame Mirabel, and she sank in a faint. Her father and Muriel supported her at her side, and Muriel and Lora at hand to render such assistance as they could.

"'I will go to work directly," said the doctor. "Open the windows fully, bring a pail of cold water, Lora."

Shortly she showed signs of returning consciousness, and after sitting quite up, the frightened look in her eyes softening as she beheld her loved ones about her.

"Where is Dr. Cadwell?" she asked, suggested Tyrrell. "I'll prepare a sedative that will cause him to sleep. To-morrow she will be greatly refreshed. The tension on her nerves has been too strong."

Lora arose to do his bidding and accompanied by her sister, Mirabel rested. In less than an hour Lora returning quietly, Mirabel, Lora, pleading headache, went to her own apartments.

"It's strange what that paper could have been," Mr. Stanton was saying when Muriel finished her recital. "It must have been important—a document with the upper left-hand corner torn off. I wonder can it be possible that it is the major part of the peculiar document which I hold? I believe that Dr. Muriel child, has just brought me my old black wallet. You will find it in the upper drawer of the rosewood bureau. I carried it with me for a long while; but as I had no occasion to use it lately, I laid it away with this paper safely tucked in one of its folds. Can it be that a great mystery is about to be unearthed? Ah! thank you dear—that is it!" he added as Muriel placed in his hand a half-shabby pocket-book.

Eagerly he drew forth a paper which gave evidence of having been badly creased at some past time, although the wrinkles had been smoothed by later pressure.

Laying the paper upon the table, he adjusted his spectacles in a firm, distinct tone read the fatal words of

CONFESSION OF J.

For over a quarter of a century a moral courage to make confession to t [illegible] that my days are numbered, committed by me so many years property I have so long with I solemnly declare is the rightful owner of of Cleveland, having been which funds were to have her heirs.

I was a half ton married early in two of whom died, in of manhood. When I years later, my in union there was

"Now," said Mr. Stanton. "Who made that confession? If I live, and my darling is able to accompany me, I'll get the rest of that paper—if it be the same."

A week passed. Mirabel had begun to walk about the house, as evidenced by the elasticity of her step and the disappearance of the hunted expression which during the first few days appeared upon her countenance every time the bell rang or a knock came upon the door.

In the parlor an interesting conversation was being held between the professor and Mr. Stanton, the latter saying, with emotion:

"I love her, more than tongue can tell." Said Tyrrell, "I have several very reasons to believe that she returns that affection—and as the long-headed doctor, but as a young, ardent, loving man—how I know this I can hardly explain; yet I believe it to be true, and I will ask in your permission to win her consent, should my surmise be correct. Tomorrow is the time set for our visit to Fenwick in search of the papers. Fenwick Hall was for a long time the home of my darling and is fraught with many tender memories to both of us, and therefore, as the opportunity occurs we passed so many happy hours together, I shall endeavor to win her love and ask her to become my wife!"

At Mr. Stanton's cordial invitation, it had been arranged that the trip should be made to Fenwick Hall where the party were to remain for a day of refreshment before they started out on their search. And to this end had the professor was pleading his cause.

"But she only knows you as Professor Tyrrell," argued the fond parent, "and can you hope to win her so soon?"

"By the strength and unbiased power of a mind held in thrall by the will of another, and intuitively she knew her soul responded to my every look. Her heart beat in unison with mine; and whenever her eyes met mine in the mirror I was conversed. Mr. Stanton, I know that my darling loves me! and she has told me so with her eyes."

It was an earnest, impassioned lover who stood before the father and his eager words prevailed.

"God bless you, my lad," responded Mr. Stanton. His voice trembled with emotion; "I will reveal to her your true self, and if she loves you as you say she does, she is yours. Love her? I know you do—you have proved it long ago!"

In her own chamber, Mirabel was listening to the heart-story of her sister and lover, and when the tale was often hidden upon her sister' shoulder.

"I am so glad, darling sister," said Mirabel, "Love is the greatest gift that God gives to the human race. I know you will be happy with such a noble, good man."

With a mischievous smile dawning upon her face Mirabel raised her sister's face, and deep in her heart she wished she might break the news which was to bring so much of happiness to her, but, with a repressed the inclination, and [illegible] a kiss upon the cheek, sank into a delicious reverie.

This charming and romantic story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. The interest and dramatic quality will be found to continue and increase until the end of the chapter. The Ledger continues to extend its great offer of free patterns and coupons to all subscribers. Next week the announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Other Side of It.

"But," protested the prospective tenant, "the house is awfully damp."

"My dear sir," replied the agent, "that is one of the many advantages. In case of fire it isn't likely to burn."

"And there is no water in the well," continued the would-be renter.

"Another advantage," said the agent. "In case your children happen to fall in it they won't drown."

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Blood Diseases	Liver Complaint
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Catarrh	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Colic—Croup	Rheumatism
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"To the limit. I won my commission as a lieutenant by bravery. I would not have deserved it, were I a coward!" Harry laughed heartily.

"You shall go, Frank!" he declared. "We will lose no time in preparing to start. How soon will you be ready to start?"

"I am ready now!" cried Ashton, joyfully. "I made my preparations before coming."

"You must have been well assured of going," laughed Harry.

"So I was," said Ashton. "I didn't feel afraid that my old schoolmate and chum, would turn me down by saying!"

"You were right, there, old chum!" declared Harry with some show of feeling. "I have never refused a reasonable request from you yet, and never will!"

"The same with me, Harry!" said Ashton.

"Well," said Harry, after a short pause, "the boat will be ready to start tomorrow. The crew will consist of you and me, and my two faithful colleagues, Larry and Wool."

"Larry and Wool!"

"Yes, an Irishman, and a negro!"

"By the way, did I not see the negro as I just came in?"

"You certainly did. He was the one who showed you in. They are very valuable men, and have helped me all through my work, from drawing the plans, to carrying on board the last bundle of provisions."

"Oh, I have no doubt but we shall be friends. Now, at what time shall I be on hand in the morning?"

"At ten o'clock, sharp!"

"Very well, I'll be here."

"Yes, for the boat lies in that inner yard, which is connected by a canal and lock

The Ocean Terror.

with the river. From here we shall travel down the river to the sea."

Lieutenant Ashton took his leave. He went to the railroad station and in cipher wired the Secretary of the Navy the result of his visit to Harry Rosedale.

The next morning at precisely ten o'clock he was driven in a cab with his trunks to the gates of the machine shops.

The gates were opened, and the trunks were taken in charge of by Larry and Wool, who suddenly appeared on the scene.

There was an immense crowd outside, and along the river bank, waiting for the submarine boat to appear.

On board the submarine boat they proceeded. Harry had left the shops in care of a trusted head mechanic.

The submarine boat floated in the tank which was a deep excavation in the machine shop yard, covering nearly an acre.

From this tank, a canal led down to the river. It was an easy matter to pass the boat by means of a lock.

The new invention had been launched, and tested nearly a week before. It proved to be a genius, triumph, and success. Larry, the Irishman, was in the pilothouse.

He was an experienced electrician, and Wool, on the other hand, was a good electrician, and a great master in the art of cooking. The galley was his kingdom.

Larry and Wool were the best of friends, though they never agreed upon any one point. This anomaly is explained in the unusual propensity for nagging and playing of practical jokes upon each other.

We shall be able to explain their characters and peculiarities a little better later on.

But, before the start upon the famous submarine voyage is made, let us take a look at the submarine boat and it's mechanism.

The "Ocean Terror," as it was called, was built much upon the lines of a speedy yacht of the schooner class. Her hull was made of steel plates, skillfully riveted and highly rolled.

A bore her deck was a dome shaped structure, extending the whole length of her, which was also of steel.

This was the cabin proper of the submarine boat. It was provided with heavy plate glass windows, and also a number of dead-eye windows. In the forward part was the glass enclosed pilot-house. Here was the steering gear and electric keyboard by which the electrical machinery was operated. Fore and aft, a narrow outer deck extended which was guarded by a handrail. A dome, and vestibule was situated amidships. Here, also, a narrow gangway led down the side of the ship to a door in her lower hull, which was used for certain purposes, as we shall learn later on.

Three masts to steady the boat arose from her deck, but she was not designed to carry sail, even though she might sail on the even surface of the sea.

This is an external description of the Ocean Terror. Of course there are many puzzling difficulties to overcome in building a submarine boat.

One of these questions, of sinking or raising the boat at will, or keeping her suspended at whatever depth was desired. Harry had overcome this difficulty in a most ingenious way.

In the hole of the Ocean Terror, there were huge compartments with valves and automatic sections all of which were operated by pneumatic pressure.

When the valves and sections were opened, water rushed instantly into the reservoir, causing the boat to sink to various depths as the rapidity of movement was regulated. This was registered upon a table in the pilothouse by means of a buoyancy gage, a clever invention of Harry's. Thus, she could be kept suspended at any depth, and easily propelled by a single screw.

The engines were operated by powerful dynamos, operated in turn by a system of storage battery, a secret invention also, of Harry's.

The question above narrated overcome, Harry was confronted by a yet greater one.

This was how to support human life on board when the boat went under water, for one person could soon exhaust the air and oxygen it carried.

Harry had provided the boat with pipes and valves which ran through each compartment. These were connected with chemical generators, which performed the double duty of consuming the bad air, and manufacturing and circulating fresh air.

With these principal difficulties overcome, the manufacturing of the submarine boat had not been difficult, and was easily made complete.

CHAPTER III.

BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The interior of the cabin was richly furnished. Harry had spared no expense, or effort, in that direction. The cabin was also provided with everything needed during a deep sea trip; such as scientific and medical instruments.

Provisions sufficient to last a year were on board. As for the electrical fuel, the batteries were so constructed that they

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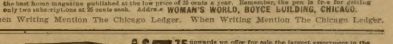

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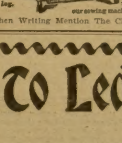

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could be renewed for an indefinite period. Of course, when Ashton inspected the submarine wonder, he was greatly impressed with it's marvelous appointments. He could not help saying spontaneously:

"You are a genius, Harry. Truly this is one of the greatest marvels on the face of the earth."

"Or the sea," said Harry, with a laugh.

"As you please. It certainly is incomparable."

As the Ocean Terror glided out into the river an immense throng of people was on the banks.

They greeted the appearance of the submarine boat with the wildest of cheers.

Harry Rosedale was the most popular man in town. Nearly every one in town was his friend; one very beautiful young lady in particular.

He cast his eyes over the throng of people, and beheld her waving her handkerchief at him.

He lifted his cap and bowed toward her. To please her he decided to exhibit the peculiarities of the submarine boat then and there.

So he bade all go into the cabin. In the pilot-house he pressed a small button which caused all the doors and windows to become hermetically sealed.

The boat was now in the middle of the river.

"Are you going to send her to the bottom, Harry?" asked Lieutenant Ashton.

"Yes, Frank."

"It will be my first experience under water!"

"I hope you will enjoy it."

"Indeed I hope I shall."

The next moment there was a rush of water over the deck. The boat settle gracefully.

For a moment, darkness reigned in the cabin. But Harry pressed a buttom which instantly set every electric light on board in a blaze.

It was a wonderful experience, and Lieutenant Ashton could hardly contain himself.

The boat had touched the bed of the river, and he had but to look through the plate-glass windows to see all quite plainly.

The search-light had also been called into play, and showed the bed of the river as plain as could be for a long way ahead.

In every respect the submarine boat was a great success. This must be admitted.

"Of course this is nothing compared with the bed of the sea," declared Lieutenant Ashton. "Indeed I am very anxious to be there."

"And you shall have your wish full soon," replied Harry.

"Are you going out to sea immediately?" asked Ashton.

"Yes. We shall not dally long here. Press the reservoir lever, Larry."

"All right, sor," replied the Irishman.

The next moment the boat was mounting upwards to the surface.

As she sprang into view like a buoyant duck, the people on shore cheered wildly.

The Ocean Terror was a complete success, and it now only remained for her to track the Sea Devil to it's deep sea lair, and destroy it.

This, Harry Rosedale was fully prepared to do. He would scout the oceans of the world to do so, if need be.

The last heard of the mysterious monster was off the coast of South America, and exactly on the Equator.

Here it had scuttled a ship and sent it to the bottom. Every soul on board was lost.

Of course, there was no certainty the monster was yet in that locality.

It might be heard of next, three thousand miles away.

But Harry decided to proceed at once to this spot where he had last been heard from.

It seemed to be the only, and most logical way of overtaking the monster. To chase him was the best plan. In such a vast body of water as the ocean, of course, finding him depended largely upon chance. But by chance Harry hoped to win.

If he once encountered the Sea Devil, he believed he could destroy it.

To this end he had provided in a curious way.

Up to the present time this had been attempted with cannon balls, and explosive shells. Of course, such weapons of offense could not be used under water. But Harry had so arranged the steel shell of his submarine boat that he could heavily charge it with electricity. The full force of the dynamos could be so employed that contract with the outer hull would be most deadly.

The submarine boat had therefore but to come into collision with the Sea Devil to destroy it. At least this was Harry's confident belief.

Therefore it was the young inventor's policy to solicit an attack from the creature. The victory would then be won.

The passage to the sea was made in safety, and in good time. Soon the Ocean Terror was speeding over the waters of the Atlantic southward, the course was made to the Equator. Part of the way the submarine boat proceeded on the water.

She hailed several ships, as Harry hoped to get fresh news of the Sea Devil, but in this he did not succeed.

While under water they found the Ocean Terror showed herself a gamy and stanch boat, and fulfilled every expectation.

It was of course, a wonderful thing to travel in that manner through the sea depths, and all enjoyed it immensely. Many wonderful sights were seen on the Ocean's floor. At times the boat passed over miles of clear white sand. Then would come fantastic coral and shell formation, and again submarine forests almost as natural as the real thing.

"It is worth a lifetime to take this trip," declared Lieutenant Ashton as he gazed out from the heavy plate-glass windows.

"You are right, Frank," replied Harry. "There is nothing any where else on earth to compare with the wonders of the deep sea."

Larry and Wool were right in their element. Nothing suited them better than to be off on a tour with their young master.

"Be me sowl," cried Larry, as he turned a handspring in the forward cabin. "I hope we'll not be long foindin' that Sea Devil. Sure if he's any manners h'ell wait in some foine place for us, an' see who's the bist mon, bedad."

"Yo' kin bet he won't want mo' dan one berry brief 'quaintance wif dis yere boat!" declared Wool as he gently cut a double shuffle.

Larry could not resist the temptation to interfere with this. He slid one foot forward and introduced it to one of Wool's. The result was that the darky stood on his head suddenly. Had he been anybody else but a darky, this might have proved his death.

But Wool's head was hard enough to stand a thump which would have killed any white man; and the contact with the floor only shook him up a little. Moreover it aroused his ire, and he recovered himself in a sputtering fit of rage.

"What yo' mean, yo' impident I'ishman, yo'!" he fairly roared. "Yo' jest try dat lilley trick 'gain, will yo'; and' I break yo' haid fo yo', yo' sassey, good fo' nothin', low down, white trash."

"Ho, ho, he, he, he!" screamed Larry in a convulsion of laughter. "Yez can't do it, naygur."

"I kaint, eh? P'raps yo' kin tell me why, yo' red haided ape!"

"Begob, it's because I'd niver let yez. I niver had but one foight wid yez, yez nightmare of Africky, and I bate yez then begorra."

"Yo' am dreamin', yo' red haided son ob whiskey soaked I'land."

"Yez black faced, wooley headed, jim jam nightmare, if yez dare say that again, about the old sod of me forefathers, I'll break yez face, and pound yez up into jelly."

"Yo' will? I meant what I said yo' I'ish whiskey drinkah!"

"I'll kill you if yez don't take that back, yez gin soaked ace av spades."

"We'se gwine to see about dat d'rectly. See dat big fish lookin' in de winder at yo' I'ish."

Larry turned his head for a moment. He saw instantly that he had been fooled, but he had no time to recover. Wool, with a yell, lowered his wooly head, and the next moment it met Larry's stomach, full and fair.

There was a gasping shriek, and the Irishman turned a complete somersault, crashed open the door and landed in the next cabin.

Wool would have followed up his advantage, and butted Larry again, but for the fact that Harry Rosedale, and Lieutenant Ashton were in this cabin. They had just time to turn around, when Wool vanished from sight.

Larry was winded, but he managed in some way to get on his feet and scurry away.

"Bejabers, I'll be aven with that coon." he muttered, vengefully. "He'll niver get the best of Larry O'Grady in a billion years, bad cess to the black nightmare."

This very remarkable story of perils and adventures while in pursuit of a monster of the deep will be continued in next week's Ledger. Each subscriber to this paper is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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Prof. William Smart, the political economist, says that if British wealth were divided equally each person would receive $195.48 a year, or $3.62 a week.

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Spice of Life in South Africa.

"Though the days of the long treks over trackless wastes of South Africa are past, life in this country still has little diversities peculiar to itself," writes a correspondent. "For instance, a farmer named Long was recently troubled by a leopard that had been destroying his cattle. The natives surrounded it one day in the long grass and sent for the white man to kill it. While searching for the brute in the tangle of vegetation Mr. Long came across him sooner than he expected and the leopard got the jump on him. There was a fierce struggle and the white man was a good deal torn up. One of his negroes got in a lucky shot and killed the leopard just before the latter got at the man's throat.

"Odd things happen in the mines, too, once in a while. A miner named Wonscott recently passed through a most exciting experience at Dutoitspan. He had charged four bore-holes with dynamite in the usual way and then endeavored to signal to the engine-driver, but failed to establish communication. He concluded, however, that everything was all right, and he lit the charges, expecting to be hauled up in the bucket. His second signal not being answered, he began to climb the rope in a hurry to get away from the dynamite. He was too slow and the concussion of the discharge knocked him off. He fell into the bucket, where he remained until all the charges had exploded. He was only slightly hurt.

"And there was a curious incident near Harding recently. A native was riding along a pathway at sunrise when he saw the head and arms of a man sticking out of the ground, the arms waving wildly in signal of distress. The fellow was imprisoned in an ant bear hole and was half dead. When he was resuscitated he told how he had been coming back on foot from Johannesburg with some friends when he was taken ill. His friends thought he was going to die and stuck him in the ant-bear hole and deserted him. When he recovered he prosecuted his friends and they went to prison."

A Bad Break.

Senator Deboe of Kentucky, once made a bad break. It was after his return from Washington, when in his honor a barbecue was served for which several fatted calves and other animals were killed.

Much impromptu he made a speech of some length and eloquence. That is, he began all right, but he mixed adjectives a little at the finish. This was what he said:

"Friends and fellow citizens, I feel this to be the greatest occasion of my life. I am deeply gratified—more deeply than I can say—by this honor you have done me in sending me as senator to the capital from the most splendid State in the Union, from the magnificent Glue Grass country, from the only State that can boast of the finest whisky, the loveliest horses and the fastest women in the world."

Stopped at His "Uncles."

Green (looking for a trade)—How long have you owned that watch?

Brown—About two years.

Green—Does it gain or lose?

Brown—Well, it lost thirty days not long ago.

She—If yer loved me you wouldn't be in such a hurry to go.

He—But me mudder told me to come right back.

She—Den leave me if dere is to be an much children-like lie as dat.

Coal may be high, but after it is once in the bin it soon gets lower.

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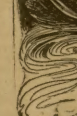

APPENDICITIS—that dreadful fiend that threatens the life of rich and poor, can attack and kill only those whose bowels are not kept thoroughly cleaned out, purified and disinfected the year 'round. One whose liver is dead, whose bowels and stomach are filled with decayed food, whose whole body is unclean inside, is a quick and ready victim of appendicitis.

If you want to be safe against the scourge, keep in good health all the time—KEEP CLEAN INSIDE! Use the only tonic laxative that will make your bowels strong and healthy, and keep them pure and clean, protected against appendicitis and ALL EPIDEMIC DISEASES. It's CASCARETS, that will keep and save you. Take them regularly and you will find that all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels are absolutely cured by Cascarets. Get a box, 10c, proves their great merit and you will never be without Cascarets. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

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4300 DOLLS' SET PLAITED FLOUNCE 18-20-26 INCHES 22-30 WAIST

4393 SKIRT WITH BOX PLAITED FLOUNCE 22-30 WAIST

4364 LEGGINGS WITH SEPARATE SMALL MEDIUM-LARGE

4391 SHIRRED DRAWERS 22-32 WAIST

4353 PETTICOAT WITH FLARE FLOUNCE 22-32 WAIST

4390 MUSSLE BOX PLAITED SKIRT 12-16 YRS

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POOR LITTLE ME.

Here I sit upon the stch.
No one here to play with me;
Boys can't bother with a girl,
So none of 'em would stay with me,
Poor little me!

Johnny, he won't run with me—
Says my legs ain't long enough.
Freddie, he won't fight with me—
Tells me I ain't strong enough.
Poor little me!

Tom won't even speak to me,
'Cause I don't wear trousers.
What's the use o' coatin' suit?
Might as well stay in the house,
Poor little me!

Puzzling Figures and a Joke.

Put down the year you were born; add 4. Then add your age at your next birthday, provided it comes before January 1; otherwise your last birthday.

Multiply the result by 100.

From this subtract 613.423.

Substitute for the resulting figures the corresponding letters of the alphabet: A for 1, B for 2, C for 3, etc.

The result will give the name by which you are popularly known.

This trick is given to suit the year 1904.

But for 1905, and for every year after that, add an additional 1000 to the amount to be subtracted, viz: For 1906 make it 694.423, for 1906 make it 695.423, and so on.

Try this trick and see how it works.

A Child's Idea.

In Central park, says a New York paper, a girl of 4 sat on a bench, and for a long time examined the legs of her kid doll. Then she pushed down her stockings and looked at her own chubby legs. "Ellen," she said presently to the nurse who was with her, "couldn't God sew?"

"Sew?" repeated the astonished Ellen. "Lan' sakes, what does the child mean?"

"'Cause I can't find any seams on me, said the child. "Dolly's got seams."

The Humorist in the Country.

Visitor—Have you lived all your life here, my little man?

Little Man—Non, not yet.

A Clever Device.

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a street sprinkler.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed with wide-open eyes, "just see what that man's got on his wagon to keep the boys from riding on behind!"

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples, and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?

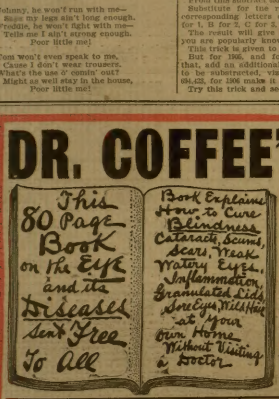
Tommy—No, mum.

Teacher—Why?

Tommy—'Cos 'twouldn't be necessary.

Revenge is sweetest when it is sacrificed.

DR. COFFEE'S FAMOUS BOOKS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Mr Henry C. Laub of Denison, Iowa, states that he had a cataract on his right eye for thirty years. He refused to have it operated on because his mother had been made blind from operation for cataract. He used one month's treatment of Dr. Coffee's Remedies which cost $5.00, which absorbed the cataract completely and restored his sight. Write to him for particulars.

Almost Blind From Optic Nerve Disease, Cured After Many Disappointments.

H. G. Green.

H. G. Green of Salem, Ohio, tells of a wonderful cure as follows: I was almost blind with disease of the Optic nerve and could hardly see lines on paper. The many doctors who treated me even failed to help me at all. Then I used Dr. Coffee's Absorption Treatment. It made my sight perfect. Not even necessary for me to wear glasses. God bless Dr. Coffee.

Dr. Coffee has restored sight and cured 100 thousand people of eye diseases, with his Wonderful Discovery.

Book tells all about it.

73 Years Old, Blind From Cataracts, Cured in One Month.

Mrs. M. A. Roberts

Mrs. M. A. Roberts of Windsor, Ill., writes: I was almost totally blind in my left eye and could see but little with the other. My trouble was pronounced cataracts; no one saw any hope except to have an operation performed. This I resisted against owing to my age. I heard about Dr. Coffee's Absorption Treatment, sent for a month's treatment, used it as directed, and today my eyesight is entirely restored. Words cannot express my gratitude to you and your remedies.

Don't Go Blind, when you can restore your sight perfectly without danger or pain without leaving home to visit a doctor. Dr. Coffee's Eye Book tells all about it.

Saved From Blindness, Cataracts Removed, Sight Made Perfect.

W. W. Jennings

Mr. W. W. Jennings, Linn Grove, Iowa, says: Cataracts on both of my eyes was gradually making me blind, operation was advised by a number of doctors. I would not submit to it. I heard of Dr. Coffee's Mild Medicine Treatment, used it, and obtained perfect sight. I would advise all afflicted that W. W. Jennings. way to try his treatment.

Dr. Coffee wants every family in the United States to have one of his Eye Books. It will be sent free to all who write for it. Book contains valuable information.

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Mrs. Matt Henderson, of Rolla, N. Dakota, states: Your medicine which I used in my baby's eyes is simply wonderful. Before my baby could probably be blind for life. I sent for your Treatment and used the medicine in his eyes just eleven days and his sight is perfect, every trace of the disease is gone. Words cannot praise your Treatment enough to express my gratitude.

A Railroad Man Gradually Losing His Hearing Cured by Dr. Coffee's Treatment.

Mr. Schwenk.

Mr. C. Schwenk, of Valley Junction, in the center of one of the Prairieland tracts, was growing deaf from Catarrh and noises in the ears, his position was at stake, everything was gone to obtain a cure and restore his hearing. One month's use of Dr. Coffee's remedies produced wonderful improvement followed in a short time by a complete cure.

Baby Henderson.

Tell Your Friends of Dr. Coffee's Free Offer.

If you have a friend or know of some one in your neighborhood who has eye or ear trouble, and has not seen this advertisement, tell them of this offer, so they can write to Dr. Coffee and get one of his books. Either book will be sent free.

Gradually Growing Deaf From Chronic Catarrh, Considered Hopeless, Cured Permanently.

Fred Harger.

Mr. Fred Harger of Lorilla, Iowa, was rapidly growing deaf; trouble originated from chronic catarrh. Had given up all hope of ever being cured. Commenced Dr. Coffee's Treatments, improvement noticed immediately, hearing restored perfectly in short order.

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Mike Zboralski, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa, suffered from Catarrh in the head for number of years, finally affected hearing, deafness grew worse rapidly; every effort to check it of no avail. Used Dr. Coffee's Treatment one month, can now hear as well as ever before.

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Hearing Restored to a Man 74 Years Old, After Being Deaf for a Number of Years.

Eli Snyder.

Mr. Eli Snyder, Altoona, Iowa, says: I am 74 years old; was afflicted with Deafness for a number of years. Best brought on by a severe cold which settled in head; nothing seemed to help. Used Dr. Coffee's Absorption Treatment. 7 months, can hear watch tick 15 inches from head.

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